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MEDALIST '46



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t the bridge

TO BE a senior is to feel a warmth of heart for the past that reaches back and brings into its fond embrace the most precious of treasured memories. It is to feel a keen anticipation of a future that will be bright and exciting. There is also a satisfying sense of achievement that goes with being a senior. It is a sense of having realized one small part of the goal which will eventually be gained completely. A Senior Class is symbolic of the strong determination that lies imbedded in the hearts of American youth; the determination to learn, to know the "whys and wherefores" of a vast uni-

verse. But there is more to that youthful determination than just learning. There is the desire to put that knowledge to use in a way that will help to perpetuate the American way of life in its economic, political, and social aspects. The young men and young women who graduate from Adams in this class of January '47 can have no way of knowing what awaits them in the years to come, but they are well-equipped and they are willing to take their places in the pattern of life and living in America.

Phyllis Osgyani

A Message from the Skipper



THE FORUM continues to promote the study of current topics among us. We are regularly reminded of its three-fold objective of information, discussion, and fuller knowledge through further inquiry. But the very variety of topics and freedom of expression

of conflicting views create a sense of bewilderment. Incident is piled upon incident, charge follows charge, ingenious explanations come in rapid succession until the listener is overwhelmed by the confusion of testimony and of counsels that assail him.

In his apparently hopeless plight, he looks about eagerly for help, and the greater his intelligence and honesty of purpose, the greater is his difficulty.

In his determination to do the right thing, this listener tries valiantly to keep an open mind and a suspended judgment, until he begins to resemble a perplexed Hamlet standing at the crossroads unable to reach a decision as to which road to follow. If all his study and reasoning merely lead to such an attitude of frozen indecision, his last state is worse than his first.

But there is happily no need of his casting himself for so pitiable and futile a role. He is merely illustrating the unfortunate and unnecessary extreme to which even good qualities without balance may bring us. He needs to be reminded that a decision, even though arrived at with some doubt or misgivings, is essential in the world of every day living.

For, there are answers, albeit in some instances tentative solutions, whose imperfect and temporary nature should be recognized, much as the true experimental scientist never loses sight of the limits of his current working hypothesis. Such answers, honestly established, fearlessly faced, and rigorously tested, will give a proper touch of decisiveness to our Hamlet, and thus they will not permit the loss of the leadership we properly expect from one of his gifts, his training, and his sincerity.

But, for these answers he will need basic principles, similar to the axioms of mathematics, accepted truths that will serve as a frame of reference in determining what to approve and what to reject from among the proposals presented to him. In detail these basic principles will reveal some inevitable differences among individ-

uals, but in broad outlines and in fundamental points they will offer vast areas of agreement among all men of good will.

For these basic principles form part of the heritage of political experience and moral capital bequeathed to us by our fathers from many lands to make up the most precious elements of our civilization. These time-tested standards of true and false, right and wrong that can well serve as forms of conduct not only among men, but among nations as well, have been impressed upon us all in a variety of ways within and without the school.

In the area of government, these fundamental truths have found no more eloquent expression anywhere than in those immortal documents so highly prized by all Americans, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and the Gettysburg Address. We cannot know too well these concise statements of democratic principles and national policy. We shall find nothing more helpful in guiding us through the maze of our current problems than a thorough knowledge of these dynamic truths and a profound faith in their value.

Let those who remain in school resolve to know ever better and to use faithfully these basic principles in testing the proposals advanced not only at forum sessions but in all discussions. Let us hope that our latest group of graduates will carry with them on their life journey a deep knowledge of these and other spiritual principles no less a part of our patrimony as "heirs of all the ages". May they never manifest an unshakeable faith in the lasting value of these fundamentals. Therein lies sure hope of happiness for themselves, for our country, and for all mankind.

IN MEMORIAM

Ella B. Beck

Grade Adviser Class of January 1947

and

Teacher of Secretarial Studies

John Adams High School

1932

1946

She worked among us in her own quiet way. We knew her as friend, teacher, and adviser and we valued her kind attention to our many individual problems over the past four years. To all of us she will be a source of inspiration for purposeful living in the years ahead.

Consider not that I laboured for myself only,
but rather for all them that seek learning.

—Ecclesiasticus



Old Jeb

TIM McMURRAY glanced up toward the almost bare wall, being not quite empty because of the small fading calender stuck there. He squinted a second and then turning his light wavy haired head back to the paper headed, "Monthly Report, Union Pacific Railroad," began to scratch out the date, January twentieth, 1869. He put down the pen, got up and went over to the little coal stove, which was of course right plumb in the middle of the floor. With a quick thrust of the little shovel he slid the coal into the fire, closed the door and walked back to the desk. Looking out through the frosted panes of glass he saw Nat Colmy, as big as he was, having trouble tramping through the deep snow drifts headed toward old Jeb's house. Old Jeb, the district supervisor didn't seem to be too well lately, and Tim, well, he was sort of assigned to the job of writing the monthly report this month in old Jeb's place.

It seemed that the whole crew agreed that Jeb needed a well-earned vacation from this "Railroad buildin'" and it was up to Tim to suggest it in the report. Picking up the pen once more he began again. "Received timber for new station house for Railroad in time to finish construction before start of annual heavy snowfall. Will be ready for use in the Spring when the trains begin running on a schedule." He continued writing, telling just how Big Fred Wells broke two ribs falling from the newly constructed water-tower, and how it could have been prevented. He told how the men felt upon hearing that the road was nearly completed . . . and how old Jeb was growing feebler every day. Once it was only one of Jeb's dreams, the spanning of the continent by rail, but now, well to him it didn't seem quite true. Finally Tim ended it after devoting the last three lines for Jeb's vacation request.

It was dark when he returned, except for the little oil lamp above the desk. He unfolded the papers once more and slowly crossed out the last few lines. He put the report in an envelope, dropped it in his pocket and left, as the empty oil lamp flickered and went out.



he brighter way

WHO IS astute enough to see greatness? Is greatness contained in persecution or aggression, in knowledge or intellect, in good judgment or power? If these are the only qualities of greatness, thousands upon thousands of executives, professors and political leaders are eligible for this honor.

Greatness is composed of qualities that may not be measured in worldly terms, since it is a supernatural gift of God, bestowed without the cognition or permission of its possessor. A person granted this gift can withstand all attacks against his ideals and his beliefs; is able to overcome the derision and ridicule of public opinion. There are hundreds of such men and women devoting their lives to the propagation of principles which are for the common good, heedless of the personal sacrifice such work demands.

Individuals eager to shirk their obligations or too complacent to acknowledge them, argue that such personal sacrifice is unnecessary. They fail to realize that the deed of a sixteen-year old girl—Joan of Arc—saved the entire country of France, and that alone, St. Patrick at 60, rid Ireland of the snakes. They cannot comprehend that the great number of lives saved justified the sacrifice of a single individual. This is not surprising, since they neither live in France nor are annoyed by snakes.

In addition, they consider such persons and deeds as ancient history. They would be most surprised to find that as recently as 1830 the daughter of a poor farmer was the instrument of a miracle. Bernadette Souborois claimed to see an apparition of the Blessed Virgin. Consequently, she was scoffed at and ridiculed, but she dared to stand up for what she knew to be true. After several reoccurrences of the apparition, a fountain of clear water was discovered at the precise spot where the vision had appeared to Bernadette. She won such acclaim when the waters of this fountain proved to be the source

of a miraculous power which healed both the bodies and souls of men. Bernadette, however, was unable to pick up again the broken threads of her life, for she found that the only door she cared to enter led to Him, and the entrance was through the Convent, which she entered shortly afterward. Her journey beyond the door continued a short time later, for she was claimed by God seven years from that time, when she was only 22.

Three years after the death of Bernadette, in the winter of 1840, Joseph DeVeuster was born. His growing years were spent in a small farmhouse where there was always the smell of hot bread and spicy soup. When both his older sister and brother chose a religious vocation, his father wished him to become a merchant so that he would be in a position to support his parents in their declining years. The DeVeusters skimmed and saved to send Joseph to school. Although learning did not come easily to him, he applied himself diligently, and soon became a good student. With the aid of his books, which he reinforced with two strong fists, he proved that he could take care of himself in all situations.

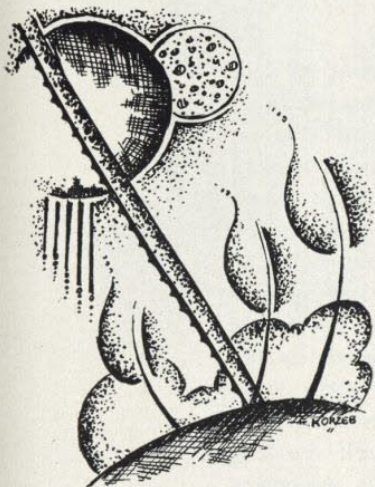
However, as the time approached for him to assume his duties as a merchant, he became more and more despondent, for he felt that a worldly life was not for him. He finally decided, contrary to his father's wishes, to become a theological student. He entered a seminary and was tutored by his brother, who was also studying for the priesthood. By a strange chain of circumstances, it happened that he took his brother's place on a ship

sailing to Hawaii. This twist of fate proved to be the stepping stone of Father Damian's adventurous life on Molakai. There, he literally worked miracles with the lepers, with whom he had chosen to live. They were ugly, misshapen and foul smelling and yet from the first, he mingled freely with them, showing no fear or repulsion of their mutilated bodies. He made cleanliness of body, mind and soul the goal of each leper. The flower gardens before each dwelling bore mute testimony to his unceasing encouragement of the pursuit of beauty.

After fourteen years of ministering to the "unclean," he himself contracted that most feared and loathsome of all diseases—leprosy. In spite of his affliction, he continued his work until his death.

To the government officials whose aid he had sought, he had been a nuisance; to medical men he had been just another leper; and to the clergy, he remained the ideal subject for a sermon. Only the living dead on Molakai, to whom he had brought life, was he the greatest man alive.

Greatness is found in honesty, justice, righteousness and in service to our fellow-man. Many have been acclaimed for their deeds and have found their well-deserved niches in the "Hall of the Great," but for each one such as this, there are hundreds more who deserve that honor no less, whose deeds have gone unlauded. These are the teachers, doctors, and lawyers who dedicate their lives to the service of mankind. Who can deny that these, too, deserve to be ranked among the truly great?



Let him see

*Give back the gift of sight unto his eyes,
For all around him now the darkness lies
And closes in. For one like him, so young, so strong.
To see but darkness day by day is wrong—
It should not be!
Oh, God, give back his sight and let him see!
This is not just a foolish whim:
All that I ask is but for him.
Take back the blackness that is night.
That he once more might see the light.*

Jean Stocker



Acknowledgment

*When I humbly knelt in a chapel by the road,
I felt the power of the Lord.
And as the organ hymns echoed in the great cathedral,
I sensed the power of the Lord.
And too, as I gazed at the out-stretched fields of ever waving grain,
The wonder of all this supremacy kept revolving in my brain.
Night came, and from the heavens,
There shone glistening, precious jewels of light.
The whole universe hung majestically, at the finger tips of God,
And then, as never before,
I felt the power of the Lord.*



Lorraine Garzina



Lams' bookshop

THROUGH THE years, our library has presented us with the newest and most recent books published. But let us turn back the pages of time, for just a second, to bring forth those books now mellow with age, books that have withstood the test of time.

As I search about our library room, the name "Maryknoll" catches my eyes. Here is a book filled with numerous, heart warming experiences taken from the lives of the Maryknoll missionaries. Many times their work carried them far into distant lands, away from home, and friends. But making new friends in strange lands, and adapting themselves to new conditions was their chosen vocation. It was not strange to see a missionary knee deep in mud, sowing rice plants, nor hear the call of a church bell in some remote part of a country, for their task varied with the passing of each day. "Men of Maryknoll," written by James Keller and Meyer Berger is a book certain to capture your heart with its very first story.

A few shelves down, still scanning our biography section, I delight in choosing this book, "Youth of Artists," by Mary Newlin Roberts. Entirely different in approach, the author takes an episode from the lives of some of the greatest figures in art and transforms it into a short story, excellently written. Such renowned names as Leonardo Da Vinci, Corregio, and Michael Angelo appear in this book. Far too few are able to boast of their knowledge of the lives of these great masters. "Youth of Artists" simplifies this matter greatly by taking only the most interesting and impressive events of their entire lives, and placing them in short, compact biographies. A truly inspiring book, plainly written so the youth of today may develop a finer appreciation of art in general, and gain inspiration from the youth of yesterday.

My library visit has ended. Your visit has yet to come! Drop in real soon and become a good friend to good books.



JO ANN pulled her wool bathrobe tighter around her in an effort to keep warm. She shook the water from her shower cap, straightened up the bathroom and went along humming, into her room. Sitting down at her dressing table, with its fluffy white organdy skirt, she took her pin curls down and vigorously brushed her hair, as she

hurriedly got ready for her date, for that evening. As she went along she talked to herself saying,

"This is the quickest date I ever acquired. It's funny how this all came about so unexpectedly. Let's see? It was Wednesday and I'd been shoveling snow, when the mailman came along. I remember how he almost

went past without leaving anything, then with a quick look through a handful of mail came back and left that letter, and how he said in his usual cheerful way, 'It's a letter for you, Jo Ann.' "

Jo Ann's lips twisted into a quick smile, her dark eyes twinkled and she went on thinking out loud.

"I remember how I quickly dropped the shovel and made my way toward the fence, thanked the mailman for the letter, and ran up the walk into the warm kitchen. How dumbfounded I was when I saw the letter wasn't from Eddie. I remember asking myself, "Who could it be from?" because I knew Eddie was the only one I usually got mail from on Wednesday. I frantically tore open the envelope telling myself that it couldn't be from Walter. Why I took it for granted everything between us was all past and forgotten. Not as far as I was concerned, because as long as I live I'll never forget him, but his part of it. I gathered that I just wasn't his type when he never wrote after the last time I saw him, but from the looks of things, it appears that he hasn't so easily forgotten either. Gee.—the last time I saw him! That was three years ago when I was only sixteen, younger and more 'dopey' than I am now. He was only eighteen then, but plenty old for his age in appearance and in his ways. How matter of fact he had that letter worded. (Come to think of it!? You'd hardly even call it a letter, it was really just a note.) He always did say things in the oddest but nicest ways. I even remember every word of the letter. It went.

"Dear Jo Ann,

I was just released from the Naval Hospital here in California. I've been

here quite sometime, (too long for my money) with what they call "war fatigue". By the time you get this letter, I'll be discharged and on my way home. I'll arrive Friday morning. I can hardly wait to see you again. I'll bet you're even prettier than ever. Does your nose still turn up and does it have as many freckles as it did the last time I saw you?

I'm all set to "paint the town red" and I expect you to help me. I'll stop by at seven and pick you up Friday night, so have your paint brush and red paint all set.

As ever,

—with love,

Walter"

It struck me funny how he sounded. Just as if we had been corresponding every day. Here is a fellow who can tell you, 'we're going out such and such a night' and believe me you'll go. He has something and plenty of whatever it is, too! He's tall, but somehow or other at a first glance he strikes you as being just plain 'big'. All his features seem so very masculine. At a first glimpse, you gather he's clumsy but on closer observation you notice that Walter is extremely well poised. His eyes, to me, are his outstanding feature. They are the bluest blue I've ever seen! His hair is black and wavy. I remember how his hair would fall into ringlets from the beads of sweat on his forehead, while we'd be dancing together. Walter is any girl's ideal, and I include myself in with the lot. He's so different from Eddie. I know Eddie's swell and everything, and sure, we've been going together since . . .

Walter stopped writing, but Walter's back now and that kind of makes things different. Eddie really never

even asked me to marry him, he (and everyone else) just takes it for granted. He can't even compare to Walter. Sure, he's got hair but it's blond, and when it falls in his face it falls straight as it always is. He's tall too but lean, not 'hunky', and his eyes are just a plain old brown. But they have a good-natured expression in them!

Gee, it's almost seven now! Walter ought to be here soon. I feel kind of funny breaking my date with Eddie, but when he comes Mother can tell him something unexpected turned up.

"Jo Ann! Walter's here!" After arranging her hair in a soft coiffure she put her comb back in its place on her dressing table, and took a last look in the mirror and flew down the stairs into Walter's welcoming arms. When the usual "how are you's" and "hello's" were over, they started on their way to "paint the town red".

First they went to dinner at Liro's, then dancing at the Malambo Club. After that they went for a ride in a Hansom in Central Park. The clip-clop of the horse's steady pace seemed so remote from the boisterousness of the metropolis. From the park, they walked down Broadway to Fiftieth Street and across Fiftieth to Radio City. It was as beautiful a starlit night as

anyone could ever have dreamed of, so they went up to the Observation Tower of the R.C.A. Building. After star-gazing for about an hour, they both agreed that they were pretty tired, and so began their long trek home.

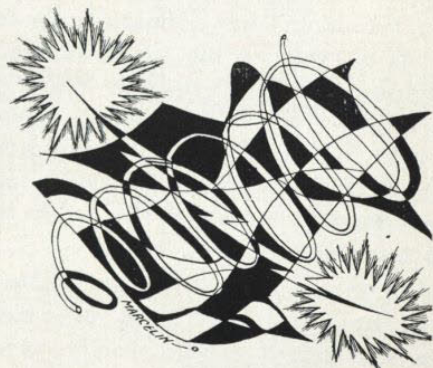
As they walked along the last block before coming to Jo Ann's house, Jo Ann suddenly began to face the reality that all the hoping and dreaming of the night that was gradually coming to an end, was just fantasy. All the sugar coating of Walter's personality had, in the space of an evening, slowly melted away, and his domineering, conceitedness seemed to ooze out and cover up the good looks that were his sole asset, upon which he depended so very much to gain friends, friends that he would never be able to hold. Jo Ann wished so hard that she had not so thoughtlessly walked out on Eddie that evening. If she had the evening to spend over she would go with Eddie, she thought to herself, but now it was too late.

As they turned up the walk to the house Jo Ann caught a glimpse of a familiar figure curled up on the front porch, she smiled and hoped.

After Walter left rather abruptly, Eddie looked at her, smiled, and said, "Did you have a nice time?"

With an "asking for forgiveness" look, Jo Ann shook her head and came back somewhat slowly, wishing that Walter had never existed, with, "N—no."

With a quick smile and a new sparkle to those "good-natured eyes" Eddie said with a tone of pleasure in his soft voice, "I kind of thought you wouldn't have a nice time, that's why I waited."





n beauty KEATS ONCE wrote:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever
Its loveliness increases
It will never pass into nothingness."

but may we not say that a great part of beauty is, in reality, nothingness?

Listening to music, we can hear it—it IS beautiful, but when it's over, what is left? Something we can hold; rub our fingers over; feel its texture? No. We have nothing but a memory of the song in our hearts.

The musician sees notes on a sheet of paper, but until he begins to play with all his feeling and soul, there is no beauty.

One winter's day the snowfall was lovelier than I had ever seen before. I wanted to hold one of the snowflakes. As they fell I held out my hand and caught one. Within seconds it disappeared, leaving only a small drop of water on my warm hand.

We gazed at wonderment at a lofty mountain and decided to climb it. When we reached our destination we could no longer see its peculiar square formations. We were too close.

A rose, perfect in form and fragrance was growing in my garden. I plucked it with the intention of keeping it forever. Then, I laid it aside. In a week it had become shriveled and its odor acrid. Its loveliness? Gone—left. A memory.

Could we have but one of the millions of stars sparkling in the heavens, but no, they must stay there—out of reach of greedy, grasping hands, so that everyone may enjoy their splendor.

The flame of burning candles shines blue around the wick and advances to a golden-yellow. But as the candle burns to nothingness the flame will fade. We can't save the flame—we dare not touch it for fear of being burnt or snuffing out the glow ahead of time.

Love too, might be considered a form of unseen, untouchable beauty. "Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself. Love possesses not nor would it be possessed; for love is sufficient unto love."



attline in the belfrey

ONE AFTERNOON while sitting in the famous Publications Office,, minding everyone's business but my own, Laughing Boy Carter got me in focus. He was grinning from lens to lens while leaning on his decrepit tripod with one foot on a pinhole camera. Laughing Boy told me to try, try that is, and write the Nut Bowl. This perhaps was the most thrilling moment of my life, except, maybe, when the Prisoner of Love escaped. I laid down my copy of "The Case of the Long Red Underwear," subtitled, "To Itch His Own," used all my energy to raise a pencil (lead, you know) and slowly started to left, I mean write (Army influence).

Gazing sleepily about my eye was caught and my ear subdued (this is accomplished by my split personality) by a group of cackling voices. "I cut his ear off," "Where is his nose," "Look, no neck," were among the strange words to be heard. Straining my eyes over the long distance, I saw Boss Lady Lynch standing over Giggles Egan, Bugs Heidstra and Nimble-fingers Druben.. They were working with sharpened scissors, fiendish grins and a madman's laugh, while cutting out the Senior Celebrities' pictures.

There is a special corner, draped in black, devoted to the emotional and deep-thinking men (both of them). For instance Mangler Grimes and Lethal Liebman were discussing a story of Jim's in which a girl was sitting on a dock with a small, trusting bird in her hand. The bird looked searchingly into the girl's eyes and its small heart beat happily. Now, this was as far as Mangler got and was stuck for an ending.

Just before closing time a frail little girl enters, sits down while murmuring something about a dentist engagement. One day when atmospheric conditions were better than average, we heard her tell of a tussle she had with her dentist. With half-hearted interest we asked who won. "No one," was the answer, "It ended with a draw." That, my dear friends was Phyllis Osgyani.

Enough of this—it's time for me to rattle and roll.



sparks of harmony

THE WONDERFUL Greek mind seems to have anticipated much of today's arts and learning, and so it seems quite strange that its vision in the field of music was so myopic. It seems the Greeks believed that moderation should be observed in all things and that extremes should be avoided, thus all of their music was confined within little more than two octaves, which is quite limited as compared with the more than seven octaves in use today.

The only music known to them was the kind used to accompany their poetry, and this was melody only, lacking both rhythm and harmony and producing a very sickly effect. The observance of the long and short

syllables marked the meter of the poetry. No harmony enriched the lone melody, for they had not learned to sing or play instruments together, and the art of simple harmony by singing fourths or fifths apart was not learned until more than a thousand years later.

The first spark of harmony issued forth in the early Middle Ages when some one discovered that two voices could sing at the same time a fifth apart, one voice carrying the melody and the other singing the same combination five notes lower. Although at that time this probably was a reckless discovery, it seems quite natural to us, since the ordinary soprano and tenor voices have a range of about a fifth above contraltos and basses and

we naturally expect them to sing in their own voice range.

While the early churchmen chanted their monotonous music in the churches of the Middle Ages, rhythm had already been highly developed among the tribes of Africa. The religious mind, however, regarded rhythm as something to be avoided.

In the sixteenth century, Palestrina developed the conception that music consisted of two or more melodies sung together, and so he wrote music similar to our "round." The voices did not simply trail together but each melody was independently set off. Palestrina wrote his music so that although there were several melodies being sung together, they all harmonized and were beautifully interwoven.

Musicians had not as yet learned to play together. Occasionally some instruments had been played an octave apart, but group playing was not known until the sixteenth century, and even the harpsichord was looked upon as most important and was needed to hold all the other instruments together.

Shortly after the sixteenth century, a group of musicians in Italy became interested in Greek poetry and decided to give a presentation of what they thought it must have sounded like. They wrote a dramatic play in poetry which was recited to music. However, this was neither Greek drama nor Greek music but really the beginning of a new form of musical expression from which the opera and orchestra originated.

The early musicians used lutes, lyres, viols and wind instruments, all led by a harpsichord. These were used somewhat as we use the guitar or ukelele today, and provided chords as a background for the singer.

For all performances, composers used whatever musicians were available and even if he could have his choice, he was not sure which were best suited to his use. The individual traits and capabilities of the instruments were not fully understood and so they either chordeed to the singing or played the same melody, which was sung according to the individual wishes of the musicians themselves.

The first sacred music drama was composed by Emilio Del Cavaliere. He shocked many of his contemporaries when he said, "Music should vary according to the sentiments expressed by the singer." He believed that instruments should not merely chord in the background for singers but that they were capable of, and should be used to help create atmosphere and unfold the plot along with the singers.

Claudio Monteverde, in furnishing music for his opera "Orfeo" wrote for the first group of musicians which can be called an orchestra. This group was composed of a string section and wind instruments. The harpsichord, however, still predominated. He was so encouraged by his first attempt, that in 1624 he composed the opera "Tancredi e Clorinda." This was the first opera written in which the composer did not merely mark the music "to be sung or played," but had definite music assigned to each instrument. He amazed his audience when the violinists laid down their bows, striking the strings with two fingers to produce pizzicato.

And so we see a very small picture of the tremendous growth of music made possible by a few men who dared to be different. It is to those pioneers that we owe our thanks for our great listening pleasure today.



Woodland vignette

THE COUNTRY was fresh and wild. Vast forests spread out from us in all directions. We took the path west of the log cabin and made our way up an old Indian trail. The Titiwoka tribe had inhabited this region around Topax lake at one time, and all the names given to the area were of Indian origin.

As we stood on a sloping hill, Chuck and I, we could see a sight that perhaps Indian braves had marveled at, many years before. Glistening below us, stretched an immaculate crystal blanket of freshly fallen snow. The sun was just beginning to rise and the bleak gray skies were streaked with a pale mixture of red and yellow hues.

The giant evergreens were heavily peaked with snow and the lake Topax stood out, ultramarine, against the extreme whiteness of its background.

We donned our snow shoes before heading off the main path and started down toward the lake.

Tiny networks of patterns dented the crisp whiteness where small animals had previously trod.

As skies grew light, we stopped to load our guns. As I lit my pipe Chuck glanced back a moment, grabbed his gun excitedly, aimed and fired. Grabbing our packs, Chuck and I made our way through knee deep drifts over to where the gun was aimed. A short glance about and he grumbled, "Missed, one of the best bucks I've seen, too!"

"Not altogether, Chuck, look here blood stains on the snow. Come on maybe we can follow them."

And so we followed the tracks until we came to the edge of the lake. There they became indistinguishable, among the other tracks made by animals coming down earlier to drink.

Somewhat disheartened we decided to stop and rest awhile on a fallen tree that fingered out into the lake. Clearing the snow off it we sat down and I commenced relighting my pipe as I thought of how I had come down here to hunt. I never really took any great pleasure out of shooting animals, but rather I think it was more the idea of tramping out into the mountain wods in mid-winter that I really

enjoyed. On my trophy room walls there were hanging nothing but different calibre guns and rifles, and I was now determined to have a few stuffed trophies to add to the collection, so, the hunting trip.

From where I was seated, I could see where the high mountain stream swelled itself into powerful falls that fell like shiny blue satin into the lake. Admiring this scene, I decided to remain here—while Chuck went on ahead. We agreed to this spot as a meeting place, before the sun set.

After eating a couple of sandwiches from my pack, I discovered my drinking canteen was empty, and I was thirsty.

Taking my gun with me, just in case, I proceeded to the falls where the water ran clear. My thirst once quenched, I filled the canteen, and was putting on the cover when something rustled in the bushes, a few yards away. As quietly as I could, with my gun cocked, I crept up to where the rustling came from. I brushed the overhanging branches gently aside and there looking straight at me was a young deer. I don't know who was more startled, he or I. Nervously, he jerked back and sideways, still with his right foreleg in the same position. I stepped closer, then I surmised what must have happened. Perhaps while scratching in the snow for food he had mistakenly stepped into a trap left by fox-hunters before the snows came.

The frightened animal tried pitifully to flee, but each attempt only caused the sharp, steel teeth to pierce deeper into his flesh.

Collecting myself I hurried back and got my pack which contained a kit used for emergency purposes. Hurting him as little as possible, I finally

removed his foot from the trap and held fast to his leg.

After a somewhat persuasive struggle I managed to get him in a lying position. I poured cool water over the crimson wound and patted it dry. I placed a small splint where the bone might have been broken and bound it evenly with sterile bandage. Easing the animal to its feet, I gave him an assured pat on the back, and he hobbled off, first uncertainly on only three legs, then using the newly mended one, he regained his confidence and was once more on his way.

The sun was well up in the sky and puffy thunderheads dotted the clear blue heavens, as I lazily dozed off to sleep.

It was quite late when Chuck returned. Jubilantly he set down his game before us and immediately sought the food in his pack. Between muffled mouthfuls of the sandwich in his hand, I assumed Chuck had quite an enjoyable adventure for himself. He had shot two buck and missed another in his hunt, and he felt rather good about it all, too.

It wasn't til we prepared to start back, did he realize that I had not shot any game.

"Well," he reasoned, "Can't all of us have good luck, eh Rickie?"

My response was a simple nod, as we each lifted a deer onto our packs.

We again started toward the cabin trail, leaving behind, the purple shadowed mountains that lifted up into the smokiness of the snowdrifts were shaded imaginatively with washes of ice blue and tinkling crystals hung on bare, brown branches. Slowly the sun set thus ending a day of hunting, for Chuck and me.



ear diary:

I awoke this morning with, of all things, a headache. Last night's dance at the Royal Palladium was too much for me. Oh, how I wish I could sleep some more, but I must perform my duties for the queen. Sooo, donning my sweater, skirt and of course my bobbie-sox, I proceeded to the queen's boudoir. Approaching my destination, I saw the new kitchen hand. I believe his name is Gareth. So politely tripping him to get his attention I replied, "Oh Gareth, how sorry I am . . . I did not mean to . . ."

"Say no more fair maiden, you are forgiven," replied Gareth as he limped away.

I stood there love-stricken. Oh well! . . .

When I finally regained my senses I opened the door to the queen's chamber. There she was sitting with an ice-bag on her head. Boy! she had a worse headache than I did.

During the day the brave Sir Lancelot paid a visit to the fair queen and asked if she would be so kind as to attend the royal concert. When asked who was to appear, Lancelot answered,

"Oh fair queen have ye not heard that we are to be honored by the greatest of all great musicians at court? None other than Sir James. Sir Harry James and his Royal Music Makers."

The day seemed as if it would never end, but at last it was time for supper. I hastened to my room to dress. At eight my date would be there. Finally after deciding the proper attire and putting on my war paint, I was ready.

What a wonderful evening I had dear diary. Of course, we could not go to the royal concert and see Sir James as we are but common people, but we saw the one and only crooner of the court, Sir Frank Sinatra singing, "Guinevere With The Laughing Face."

After an evening that went much too fast I returned home and here I am telling my experiences to you diary; well that's about all for today dear diary. Good Night!



The Sweetest Music

*There's music in the crying wind as it weaves through the trees,
a melancholy sound.*

*There's music in the falling snow, dancing like a million fairies, to
the ground.*

*There's music in the ocean's roar as the lulling waves lap the silent
shore.*

There's music in a baby's eyes, the sweetest to a mother's ear.

The world is full of strange music, if only we could hear.

Patricia Lynch



Outcast

*I'm hated, and dreaded, despised
and abhorred*

Why, nobody even likes me

*Say, they'd rather lose me than
find the lost chord!*

*And I'll tell you, pal, it strikes me
As a pretty cruel world, when a
guy's so forlorn*

*And treated like people treat me
They all look at me with contempt
and with scorn*

And just because I'm a poor flea!

Phyllis Osgyani



Winter Patterns

*Crisp morning air, tenacious, tempting hearth warmth,
Spiraling chimney smoke; singing glistening sleet.
Long deep breaths of wakening air; quick! cold;
The screech of ice beneath shining skates,
Sleigh bells, rose-nosed children with misty mouths,
Foggy windows, crystal fir trees.
Cracked patterns in the ice painting the trail to home.*

Robert Liebman



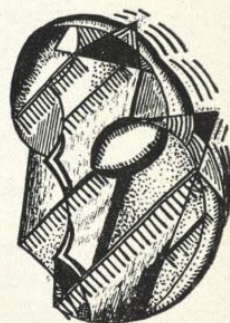
Pause

*When life to me seems hard to bear,
And sorrows and tears are everywhere,
When even my soul seems empty, too
I pause . . . and think of You.*

*When looking at a summer sky,
Or thinking about when I die,
When I am feeling terribly blue,
I pause . . . and think of You.*

*And so, dear God I hope You'll know,
That I think about You wherever I go,
So just remember whatever I do,
I pause . . . and think of You.*

Adele Hodgkiss





f pleats' n plaids

THE THROATY grumble of old man winter tells us that he has finally awakened from a long sleep, and confidentially, he told me that we're in for a lot of his huffing and puffing. Let's see what we can do about Mr. Winter.

Woolen dresses are coming more and more into the limelight. They come in plaids, checks, stripes, solids, and almost anything you can think of for sportswear. Some are topped off with white collars and cuffs, while others are just plain. But either way, snappy is the word that fits them. Are you worried about what to wear to that Saturday night dance or show? Well stop fretting right now, 'cause your woolen dress is just the thing. Only this time, it's trimmed with sequins or nailheads. You'll look dreamy in one of these numbers.

Let's see now, you'll need a few blouses to put the finishing touches to your suits. There are so many deliciously cute styles, that I hardly know where to begin. If you're the type that dresses real sharp, I'd suggest one of the newest wool jersey blouses. They come in nearly every color an artist can paint, with short, long or half sleeves. Now, for our feminine friends. Crepe blouses are back on the market again, so just take your pick. For dressy occasions, you can wear the latest sequin trimmed blouse. It's as pretty as a picture. Before I forget, have you seen the newest belts with chains dangling from them, just like the boy's key chains? They're very smart.

Of course, you'll want something to wear these belts on and I know just the thing. It's a dress made of tubular wool. This wool is knitted in a circular fashion with an opening at the top and bottom. Just stitch the top, leaving an opening for your head. Stitch the neckline and sleeves, and hem the skirt. Tuck in the waist with your new belt and presto, you have a darling dress.

So Mr. Winter, go ahead with your huffing and puffing, we're ready for you. Goodbye now, this is my last column, and it's been swell writing for you.



realms of gold

"MY MIND lets go a thousand things," and yet recalls a line from Keats, a phrase from Kilmer, a word from Millay. Often while watching little children at play, I suddenly think of a line from "Barter," "And little children looking up, holding wonder like a cup," or perhaps some April morning I'll start reciting, "The year's at the spring, the day's at the morn," or "Oh, to be in England now that April's there." Poetry is a magical language of the soul that finds its core in the heart of a poet.

And yet, with little effort and understanding, anyone can interpret this beautiful language. Poetry is everywhere! We cannot escape its tremendous scope. Its range of subject spreads from the tangible things such as mice and clouds, daffodils and tears, to the intangible qualities of beauty and truth, love and death.

All of us, at one time or another have had to learn some poetry, and isn't it amazing how stubbornly these words stick in our memories when other seemingly more important things fade? Was it "if you keep your head when all about you are losing their's and blaming it on you?" or maybe, "Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take, and stab my spirit broad awake."

Through poetry the finest things of life and the ugliest have been depicted. Below I will quote, in my opinion, seven of the most beautiful lines of American poetry. They are from the poem, "Renascence" by Edna St. Vincent Millay, and any attempt on my part to explain these lines would be feeble. The words speak for themselves.

"Oh, God, I cried, no dark disguise
Can e'er hereafter hide from me
Thy radiant identity!
Thou cast not move across the grass
But my quick eyes will see Thee pass.
Nor speak however silently
But my hushed voice will answer Thee."

Here is poetry in its highest form. Taste it, swallow it, give it a chance. Who knows, you might like it.



n granny's day

LET'S GO along on a date with the ladies of the eighties, one of the most daring eras ever.

The attic door slammed behind Lillian, as she dropped down on an old trunk on the dusty attic floor. It was nothing new to Lillian, and she knew that after an hour of pouting, Mom would come up and tell her it would be all right to travel out to Long Island in the car with Jimmy. She couldn't help smiling, as she thought of how she always got her own way, no matter how angry Mother got.

Lillian's sober gray eyes rolled up in the "I shouldn't have done it" expression, and then she lifted herself up from the trunk, the very bottom of the trunk. The back of Lillian's dress was matted with dust and cobwebs, as she stared gloomily into the

huge, well rounded hole where she broke through. She should have known better than to sit on the rotted wood trunk that belonged to Grandmaw, before Grandmaw was no more. After pulling away the splintered pieces of wood, Lillian gazed curiously into the remnants of the trunk. Smiling inwardly, she rummaged out of the trunk a packet of letters, hoping they might be some of Grandpa's "love letters," before Grandpa was Grandmaw's spouse, of course. Men are so unromantic after the knot is tied.

"Of all the disappointments," Lillian muttered incoherently. Nothing but stiff letters from friends, and a few bills. Probably destroyed all her personal mail, the old girl, before she got caught red handed with it. Why

she left us this old . . . Well, will you look at that. The attic was filled with peals of laughter, as Lillian spotted the photographed letter. There the girl stood, in full dress attire, bustle and all, decorating the letterhead, with a demure smile, and a frilly umbrella, shading the damsel from the glaring sun. As long as Lillian was going to have to sit in the stuffy attic for an hour, she might as well enjoy herself, and this old, yellowed letter, appeared to be the foundation of a very amusing hour. After skimming through the formal addresses, it began . . .

January 28, 1888

I realize it was only a month since our last correspondence, but I simply had to write you and tell you of the great event that occurred in my young life last night. Imagine I, Estrella Littleton, at the uncapable age of seventeen, went out on my first date last night. And oh, Prunella, I had the most gracious time. When Erasmus Rodencue asked me for the honor of my presence, I was shocked, but secretly thrilled and even more shocked when my dear parents consented to the appointment, much to my amazement.

Rushing madly for my six-thirty appointment, I donned my newest, most stylish gown. Would you believe it Prunella, the bustle measures fifteen inches around, and the hoop, is the new triangle style. And the shoulders . . . Even I was shocked at the daringness of them. Imagine me, in a dress with dropped shoulders. Of course Mother objected, but I finally persuaded her to let me wear it for this one special occasion. And then there was my cheeks. Oh yes, my lovely, apple shiny cheeks. After rubbing geranium petals lightly over the

surface, I finally brought them around to the loveliest, rosiest color ever. I even dared to touch my lips up with them, but Mother firmly demanded that I remove it. I couldn't blame her for that, of course. After all, there is a limit to being brazen. And then of course, I wanted to change the style of my hairdo. After much persuasion, Mama allowed Adrian to set my hair into a fashionable upsweep. The swirling sweep of the side hair reminded me of the wings of a graceful bird in flight. I looked so matured and fashionable that I was surprised myself. Of course the gown did help. Papa did think coral and blue was a trifle too bright a color for so young a girl, but you know what a young and lovely woman's charm can do to a man. Even Papa. I only hope Erasmus noticed the lovely new white lisle stockings Papa brought from the city. They're SO sheer. They went simply DARLING with my new twelve button shoes. Please take notice of the twelve buttons. Shoes are worn lower than ever this year. What won't those fashion designers think of next? Before stepping down stairs, I crushed a rose to my waist, so that I smelled like a fragrant rose on a dewey morning. I saw Papa's frowns at my ardent aroma, but I dared to ignore them, and it worked. Enough of myself now. Let me tell you a bit about Erasmus, and our charming evening together.

In his dashing raccoon coat, and I in my adorable poplin wrap, with the new three inch collar, we set off with Mama and Papa for dinner in a stylish restaurant. Returning home after dinner, the whole family sat in the parlor, and listened to sister Adrian's piano pieces. Later, Mama and I sewed, while Papa and Erasmus

talked politics, and science developments. I heard them mention something of a new contraption called the auto. After tea, Erasmus and I were left alone, much to my surprise at Papa's leniency, and you'd never guess what we did. After Erasmus secured Papa's permission to set the new phonograph going, he taught me how to waltz. It's a lovely dance, but it sent my head in a dither at the swiftness of it.

After I dropped to the sofa with exhaustion, Erasmus turned off the phonograph, and sat down next to me. For a few minutes, we sat in silence, gazing wistfully at the stars peeping through the new lavender lace curtains. It was an evening set for romance, but I dared not mention such a thing to Erasmus. After a few minutes, I was shocked when he rose and, walking over to the lamp, lowered the wick until gradually, the flame diminished until there was nothing left but a dull, shimmering light in the room. "My optician says too much light is harmful to the eyes," Erasmus said, removing his glasses. With relief, I realized that there was no insinuations in his gesture. Silence reigned once more, the clicking of the horses' hoofs clicking on the pavement, sharply breaking through. Suddenly, with a proud gleam in his eyes, Erasmus reached into his pocket, and produced, of all things, a pipe. Prunella, you simply have no idea how manly he looked smoking that pipe; the gray hued smoke billowing around his

head in curly wisps. The sharp smell of tobacco tinged my nostrils, and I breathed in the tangy aroma appreciatively, much to his delight. It's wonderful to close your eyes and smell tobacco. It gives you a feeling of security to know there's a man around. Oh here I go again, running away with my emotions. And so my dear, there is nothing more to tell of the evening, as it finally neared an end. At ten o'clock, I brought Erasmus his coat and derby, and bade him farewell, while Mama and Papa escorted us to the door.

Aren't you simply envious, Prunella, at my spending so daring an evening? Imagine, learning the waltz, dressing like a woman for the first time, staying up until ten o'clock with a man, all in one evening. It simply takes my breath away. And imagine, with Papa's permission, Erasmus intends to see me again. Not too soon of course, since no nice young girl is seen with a man too often. In a month or so, I am planning to spend another enjoyable evening with Erasmus. Perhaps by then, Mama will even permit me to rub geranium petals on my lips. It's getting so, that a girl gets more daring and brazen by the day. I even dare hope to be able to use some of that new liquid called parfum, but then, let's not try to have our cake and eat it. And so, until our next correspondence, I bid you farewell, and wish you an enjoyable evening such as I have written. Remember, I'm yours until girls stop wearing bustles. (Isn't that one a dilly? It's whispered among every fashionable girl in New York). Farewell for now.



leanings

GRANDAD HAS been over our mantelpiece as long as I can remember. He's a stuffy, old gentleman of the nineteenth century era with a choker collar and a dark moustache which in my kindergarten days I associated with one of the Fuller Brush man's wares. His stern glances singled out sister's beaux, frequently alarming them. Thadius Bouregard McNichols was his name. It must have borne an adverse omen for the poor man. His face is still furrowed into one of those contortionist's leers. Grandad always said, "To see a man with a smile on his face either meant that he sang in the choir or had just stolen a horse." Gramps did neither, consequently our living room portrait bears a unique if not characteristic resemblance.

Father still insists that it be moved to the attic where it can at least scare some mice away. But mother only thinks of visiting relatives who always make pleasing remarks about it. (They probably don't mean a word!)

I suppose every one has to let his pet peeve loose at some time. For years there has been many a fervent debate over the family's white elephant. Perhaps everyone has in a far corner, something which demands much care and expense without yielding anything in return. I sincerely doubt if we'll ever take down the painting, though. The vacant space over the mantel would suddenly look colder than Grandad's frosty countenance. Ellen Schwarz

A ROSED-cheeked child looked up to a store window, with eyes brightly shining. The littleness of her trim figure seemed to disappear for a moment as she advanced closer. Then to the eye she was visible again. Her eyes were more radiant as she pressed her pug-nose to the cold glass. She was gazing longingly at a doll, beautifully dressed in magnificent clothing. A tiny child with pudgy fingers crossed—concealed by red mittens; praying Santa would give her that angelic playmate. Helene Goldstein



merican bard

THERE ARE few Americans who have not read, sung "Pennies," "Roses," or "Main Street?" Pitifully few do not recognize the name of Joyce Kilmer in association with it. Others know him as the young poet who sacrificed his life in France, in World War I, with the famous "Fighting Sixty-Ninth." A few more know about his "walks to Suffern along the Erie track" where he saw "The House With Nobody in It." But how many would recognize poems like "Martin," "Pennies," "Roses," or "Main Street?" Pitifully few. Even now, twenty-eight years after his heroic death, Joyce Kilmer is still believed by many to be a woman, because of the usually feminine association of his first name.

Kilmer was born into a middle-class family on December 6, 1886, in New Brunswick, New Jersey. During his childhood he was considered a "funny" little boy because of the queer clothing he wore, his high sensitivity, and the altogether unusual way in which he carried himself. He was more or less what might be called, an odd spectacle. This is so altogether in line with the literary tradition that it would have been odd, had he not been odd, considering the later development of his literary ability. As is so often the case in the literary tradition, Joyce didn't fit in with his school-mates. As a result he was bullied, picked upon, and called on to indulge in many a fist fight. On reaching college, however, his outward appearance seemed to be fairly normal and he went through Rutgers and Columbia with nary a bruise or scratch.

Upon attaining his M.A. degree at Columbia, Joyce Kilmer's real troubles began. He might well be called "The Man Who Couldn't Find Himself." His first occupation was that of a teacher of Latin in a small high school in rural New Jersey. From there he went to New York and became, by lucky chance, editor of a horseman's journal. Horses being a subject he knew absolutely nothing about, he soon departed from this employment. Then in rapid succes-

sion he became a salesman in a book store, a department store floor walker, a book reviewer for the New York Times, and a member of the staff of editors for the new "Funk and Wagnall's Standard Dictionary." While in this last position he at last realized that he must be a poet, and that he must write of humanity. He touched his deep vein of song for the first time in a poem about one of his co-workers on that dictionary, "Martin"

'Some people ask "What cruel chance
Made Martin's life so sad a story?"

Martin? Why, he exhaled romance,

And wore an overcoat of glory.

A fleck of sunlight in the street,

A horse, a book, a girl who
smiled

Such visions made each moment
sweet

For this receptive ancient child.'

Kilmer loved people and nature,
and little commonplace things. His
poetry reflects a belief that everything
lives, and breathes, and has a heart.
This he wrote in "Main Street."

'Now, Main Street bordered with au-
tumn leaves, it was a pleasant
thing,

And its gutters were gay with dande-
lions early in the spring,

I like to think of it white with frost or
dusty in the heat,

Because I think it's humaner than any
other street.'

And everyone knows about:

'A tree that looks at God all day

And lifts its leafy arms to pray . . . '

More than anything else, Kilmer loved
God; and his poetry often connects
the everyday ordinary things of life
with God. Kilmer's "Main Street" is
his road to heaven, his "Stars" are
"errant strands of Lady Mary's hair,"
and,

"The train, that like an angel sings,

The train, with healing on its wings."

There is no mystery to Kilmer's
writing: it is simple and straight-for-
ward. Perhaps for this reason he can-
not be called a great poet. His are
not poems to shake the universe, or
cause revolutions. His name is not a
landmark in creative art. The work
of Joyce Kilmer merely brings to light
the qualities of faith, love, truth and
beauty—and they are written from a
heart loaded and overflowing with
these virtues. If one wishes to read
great poetry, one must not hope to
find it in Kilmer. There are many
flaws and imperfections in his works.
They lack most of the qualities of
creative genius. These shortcomings,
however, are more than made up for
by their purity and unblemished sin-
cerity in what is being said. God was
the first thing in Kilmer's life; he lived
for God, and wrote for Him. In one
of his last letters he wrote: "Pray that
I may love God more. It seems that
if I can learn to love God more pas-
sionately, more constantly, without
distractions, that absolutely nothing
else matters.

Kilmer loved his country; he fought
for, and, on July 30, 1918, died for it.
His love for America, Freedom and
God can be described in no better
way than by his last written words,
from "The Peacemaker:"

"What matters Death, if Freedom be
dead?

No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag
be furled

Who fights for Freedom, goes with
joyful tread

To meet the fires of Hell against him
hurled,

And has for captain Him whose thorn-
wreathed head

Smiles from the Cross upon a
conquered world."

Question

Can there be real peace on earth?
Can there be love and joy?
Can men give vent to heartfelt mirth?
Can young coquettes be coy?
While children wander aimlessly
And cry, and mourn, and brood
And, being hungry, shamelessly
Eat dirt, and cast-off food?
Can this, our world, be good, and fine
Can men's souls rest at ease?
When each one says, "This care's not mine"
And counts for naught the pleas
Of a starving humanity
Is this the answer good men give?
Is this what's meant by charity?
Now we must not just "let men live"
But we must help their living
Now we must be glad to give
And glory in such giving.

Phyllis Osygani

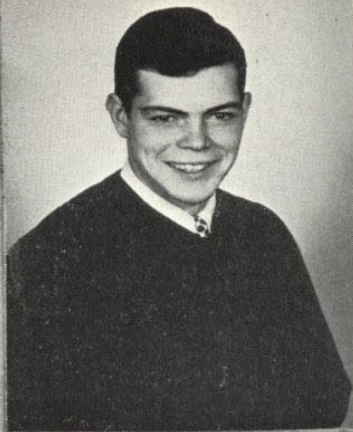


His hands

Those sturdy hands that picked me up
And held me on his knee
And mended little broken dolls
And dried my tears for me.
And though the years have scurried by
The comforting thought remains
That if I slip and fall, as then
Those hands will help me rise again.

Patricia Lynch

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



PATRICK BOHEN
President



PATRICIA BROWN
Vice-President

*Lots of Luck
in future years
Bob*



ROBERT SPARADOSKI
Treasurer



IRENE BROWN
Secretary



Shoving off

AHOY MATES. Our four years sojourn in the snug harbor of John Adams is just about approaching its end. The time has come for us to pack our seabags and get ready to shove off.

Besides our worldly goods, into the bag we will pack cherished memories of what we now have come to realize were four wonderful years—full of carefree, happy hours—probably the happiest years of our lives. Oh, we have had our serious moments too. There were so many things to learn, and Regents Examinations often made the sailing a little rough in spots.

But those wonderful memories keep popping up! One memory crowds out another.

The G.O. dances will always hold a place in our memories. A fellow will go far before he finds smoother partners.

The football games on frosty Fall days were followed by basketball games, and other swell times in the crowded gym. Then came the Spring, with baseball and track meets filling the calendar until vacation time would part us for a little while.

In between times, we studied hard and searched for additional knowledge. We have the fine and capable teachers to thank for our successful climb to our goal.

Well, the bag is just about packed. The Clipper has set full sail. Our hearts are just a bit sad at leaving behind so many real friends. But we're sailing on to the brave and new adventures that lie before us, all confident of success because of the guidance that we have received here at Adams. To our kind and ever patient teachers, who were always so generous with their help, we humbly say "Thanks for everything!"

So, in saying farewell, we salute our fine Skipper and his splendid officers, who have prepared us for our journey.

All set now! We're shoving off!
ANCHORS AWEIGH!

Genius does what it must, talent does what it can.

—Edward Lytton.

ABRAMS, LENORE

Second Honors, First Aid Certificates; Aid to Miss Keller, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Ullman, Lunchroom Squad; Volley Ball Club.—Business.



ADELMAN, BENJAMIN

Junior, Senior Arista; Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A's"; Spanish, French Proficiency Pins; Meritorious Exceptional Service Certificates; Bronze P. S. A. L. Pins; Basketball, Handball Intramurals; Aid to Mr. Machlowitz, Miss Jones, Miss Dekernay, Mrs. Gonzalez, Late, Dean, Squads; French, Spanish, Judean Clubs.—Queens College.



ALBANESE, ANTHONY A.

Meritorious Service Award; School Band; Dean, Campus, Lunchroom Squads; Aid to Mr. Camson. — Cadet Midshipman, U. S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps.



ALVARO, CONCETTA

Second Honor Certificates, Bronze "A"; Junior, Senior Arista; Spanish Proficiency Pin; First Aid Certificate; Library, Lunchroom Squads; Switchboard in General Office, Modern Language Office; Aid to Mr. Middleton, Miss Milella; Secretary and Treasurer of Italian Club.—Business.



ANDERSON, THERESA M.

First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Paquette, Mr. Gross, Mr. Pfister; Lunchroom, Library Squads; Latin, Newman Clubs.—Nurses Training.



ANDREOTTA, EMILIO R.

Major and Minor "A"; Aid to Mr. Troyano, Mr. Scarlat, Mr. Camson.—U. S. Army.



ACCORDI, FRANCIS

First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Lash, Lunchroom Squad; Newman, Spanish, Basketball Clubs.—Katherine Gibbs.



AHERN, MAURICE P.

Basketball, Softball Intramurals; Bronze P. S. A. L. Pins; Hall Guard; Lunchroom, Chemistry Squads; Aid to Mr. Macdonald; Chemistry, Physics, French, Newman Clubs.—U. S. Army.

lots of luck to a good guy Ahern



ALBERTINI, RALPH L.

Second Honors, Bronze "A"; Library, Lunchroom, Dean Squads; Aid to Junior Arista, Mrs. Perretti; Newman Club.—Business.



AMBROGIO, JOSEPH P.

Gold Medal for Intramurals, Championship in Single Handball; Gold Medal for Championship, Intramurals in Basketball; Silver P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Mrs. Hart, Mr. Tobias; Hall Patrol.—U. S. Army.

lots of luck to a good fellow Joe Ambrogio



ANDREWSKY, IRENE

First Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's" Fifth Term Commercial Award; Junior Arista; P. S. A. L. Pins; Library Squad; Newman Club.—



ANDRYCHAK, VIOLET J.

Messenger for Mr. Clarke, Mr. Newfield; Aid to Mrs. Vogel, Mrs. Fyfe, Miss Munn; Microscope and Swimming Clubs.—Journalist.



To err is human, To forgive is divine.

—Alexander Pope.

BANNER, LOIS E.

Second Honor Certificates, First Aid Certificate; Junior Arista; Meritorious Service Award; Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Miss Riordon, Mr. Whitson, Miss Fisher, Miss Langdon; Lunchroom Squad; Victory Corps; "Clipper" Aid; Celebrity Committee; Basketball, Softball, Pemble Clubs.—Columbia School of Accounting.

BARBERIO, ROSE M.

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A"; First Aid Certificate; Dean's Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Campus Representative; Library; Aid to Mr. Cronan.—Business.

BARON, MARILYN

First and Second Honors; Junior Arista; Bronze "A"; Silver, Gold P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificates; Aid to Mr. White, Mr. Nostrand; Lunchroom Squad; Prom Committee; Glee Club; Latin, Swimming, Senior Dramatics Clubs; "Taming of the Shrew."—

BARTSCHERER, JOSEPH B.
Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; Locker Room Squad; Aid to Mr. Byers; Newman Club.—Armed Forces.

BAVARO, FRANCES

Junior Arista; Bronze and Silver "A"; Second Honor Certificate; Third Prize in Fashion Show '46; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss Molong, Miss Jewell; Program Committee; Leaders' and Spanish Clubs.—Business.

BELIAKOW, SOPHIE

First, Second Honor Certificates; Bronze, Silver "A"; Two-Year Household Arts Award; Junior-Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Seventh Term Commercial Award; Aid to Mr. E. J. Clarke, Mr. Whitson; "Clipper" General Office; Lunchroom Squad; Newman, Basketball, Softball, Priscilla, Swimming Clubs.—Business.



BARBARA, FRANK G.

Second Honors; P. S. A. L. Pins; Silver and Bronze "A"; Meritorious and Exceptional Service Awards; Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Brennan; Hall Patrol; Lunchroom Squad; Captain of Dean's Squad; Chemistry, Biology, Newman, French Clubs.—College.



BARLOW, DOROTHY C.

First Aid Certificate; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Miss Riordon; Secretarial Club.—Wilber Force University.



BARONE, CARMEN

Major and Minor "A's"; Aid to Mr. Scarlata; Lunchroom Squads; Hall Patrol; Football Clubs—U. S. Army.

Confoy, Mr. Byers, Mr. Veit; Cap-



BATTLINE, FREDERICK J.

Two-Year Math. Medal; First and Second Honors; Bronze and Silver "A"; Junior Arista; Aid to Mr. Middleton, Mr. Gorman, Mr. Shields, Mr. McSheehy, Mr. E. J. Clarke, Mr. Eckstein; Co-Captain Dean Squad; Newman, Dramatics Clubs; "Where the Cross Is Made"; "Idlings of the King"; "Bargains in Cathey"; "Young Man's Fancy."—U. S. Army.



BECKER, EDNA R.

Second Honors; German Proficiency Pin; Junior-Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Clemens; Lunchroom Squad; Softball Club.—College.



BELLEUGER, VIOLET J.

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; First Aid Certificate; Junior P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Mr. White, Miss Johnston; Volleyball, Priscilla, Secretarial Clubs.—Business.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.

—Disraeli.

BELLER, JOYCE M.

Bronze "A"; Meritorious Service Award; Second Honors; Junior Arista; Junior Life Saving; First Aid Certificate; Nutrition Certificate; Junior-Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Miss MacDowell, Mr. Freeman, Miss Unser, Mr. Van Arx; "Campus" Staff; Lunchroom Squad; Campus Representative; Grade Advisor's Office.—Business.

BERGER, CLAIRE T.

P. S. A. L. Pin; Chevrons; First Aid, Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Aid to Miss Keller, Miss Werschels, Mr. Sheppard, Mr. Mosely, Mr. Tobias, Mr. Reisberg, Mr. Byrnes, Miss Laws, Mr. Middleton; Grade Advisor's Office; Attendance Office; Dean's Squad; Program Committee; Rationing, Lunchroom Squad; Travel, Spanish, Biology, Leaders', Judean Clubs.—Queens College.

BIGGIO, IRENE C.

First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pin; Aid to Mrs. Clemens; Lunchroom Service; Heartstone Club.—Business.

BIRNBAUM, BLANCHE D.

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Meritorious Award; Senior Arista; Nutrition Certificate; Aid to Miss Emerson, Miss Kennedy, Program Committee; Junior Glee Club; Swimming, Volleyball Clubs.—Queens College.

BLADES, JEAN D.

Second Honors; Junior, Senior, P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Lunchroom Squad; "Where's Your Christmas Spirit"; "Idlings of the King"; Dramatics.—Brooklyn Polytechnic.

BOHEN, PATRICK J.

Second Honor Certificates; Meritorious and Exceptional Service Awards; Senior Class President; Franklin D. Roosevelt Public Speaking Medal; German Proficiency Pin; Bronze, Silver, P. S. A. L. Pins; Ranger Pin; G. O. Executive Council; Intermural Basketball Champs; Adams Representative in City Finals of Journal-American Public Speaking Contest.—Princeton University.



BENNETT, FLORENCE J.

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Meritorious Service Award; First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Senior-Junior Arista; Aid to Mrs. Gould, Mr. Mulligan, Mrs. Mulligan; Treasurer's Office; Lunchroom Squad; Newman Club.—Business.

BERGLIND, ARTHUR G.

Aid to Mr. Machlowitz, Dr. Delaney, Miss DeKernay; Patrol Squad; Bronze "A"; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Certificates; Two Distinguished Service Awards; Captain of the Lunchroom, Campus and Business Squads; P. S. A. L. Pins.—Pratt Institute.

BILLINGS, ANTON D.

Softball, Basketball, Football, Intramurals; Silver P. S. A. L. Pin; Lunchroom Squad; Hall Patrol; German Club.—College.

BISCARDI, PASQUALE A.

Second Honor Certificates; Gold Medals for Baseball and Basketball Intramurals; P. S. A. L. Pin; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Hart, Mr. Roos; Lunchroom Squad; Spanish, Art Clubs.—U. S. Marine Corps.

BOFFA, MARION P.

Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss Kennedy, Mr. Cronin, Lunchroom Squad; Square Dance, Dramatics and Basketball Clubs.—School of Advertising.

BOHLEN, HELEN K.

Meritorious Service Certificate; Household Arts Office; Victory Corps Office; Lunchroom Squad; German, Pemblic Clubs.—Business.

He that hath no cross deserves no crown.

—Quarles.

BONADONNA, EDITH M.
Second Honors; First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Fyle, Mr. Cronin; Library Squad in Annex, Lunchroom Squad; Newman and Spanish Clubs.—Business College.



BRANNIGAN, IRENE M.
Senior, Junior P. S. A. L. Pin; Lunchroom Squad. — Barbizon School of Modeling.

BRAUN, DOROTHY A.
Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Junior and Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mr. Richter, Mr. Richenback, Miss Johnston, Miss Langdon, Miss Munn; Volleyball, Leaders Clubs.—Business.



BRAZENOR, HELEN M.
Second Honors; Bronze 'A'; First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Junior Arista; Aid to Mr. Middleton, Mrs. Mather; Latin, Girl Reserves Club.—Business.

BRENNER, BERNARD
Patrol in Lunchroom; Latin and Glee Clubs.—Business.



BROEMEL, CHARLOTTE F.
Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold, "A's", P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Tanners, Mrs. McSheehy, Biology Lab., Lunchroom Squad; Latin Club.—Nurses Training.

BROWN, BERNARD
Bronze P. S. A. L. Pins; Meritorious Service Certificate; Minor Letter in Swimming; Basketball, Softball Intramurals; Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Byur, Mr. Veit; Captain Lunchroom Squad; Dean's Squad; Swimming Team, Physics Club.—Miami University.



BROWN, EDNA M.
First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pin; Aid to Mrs. Clemens, Miss Howes, Mrs. Phyle; Newman, Heartstone, Volleyball, Softball, Basketball; Secretary of A. M. in Volleyball, Softball and Basketball Clubs.—Business.

BROWN, IRENE F.
Junior, Senior Arista; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Second Honors; Meritorious Service, First Aid Certificates; P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Miss Riordon, Mrs. Lyons, Miss Laws, Lunchroom Squad; Secretary of Senior Class; Baseball, Basketball, Secretarial, Newman Clubs.—Business School.



BROWN, PATRICIA
Junior, Senior Arista; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; First and Second Honors; Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; Senior Lifesaving, Meritorious, Exceptional, Distinguished Service Certificates; Minor "A"; Campus Staff Editor; Girl Leader of Senior Arista; Vice-President of Senior Class; Basketball Manager; Secretary, Vice-President of G. A. C.; Aid to Miss Dowell.—Business.

BURROUGHS, CHARLES K.
Second Honors; Campus Distribution; Dean, Lunchroom Squads; Campus Staff.—U. S. Coast Guard.



BYRNE, STEPHEN A.
Major "A"; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Captain of Swimming Team; P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Mr. Norton, Mr. Byrnes, Mr. Scarlata; Walter Polo, Seward Clubs; Swimming Team, Track Team.—U. S. Army.

Art hath an enemy called ignorance.

—Ben Jonson.

BYRNE, JOHN R.

Bronze, Silver, P. S. A. L. Pins; Handball, Softball, Basketball Intramurals; Aid to Miss Hess, Mr. Gross, Lockerroom, Lunchroom, and Late Squads; Hall Patrol; First Aid Certificate.—Study for: Architectural Drafting.



CALLAHAN, VIRGINIA A.

Second Honor; First Aid Certificate; Bronze "A"; P. S. A. L. Pins; Runner-up Pin; Aid to Miss Armstrong, Miss Riordon, Lunchroom Squad; Stamp and Bond Representative; Hearthstone, Volleyball, Softball Clubs.—Business.



CANNON, JOAN A.

First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pins; Section Representative; Campus Representative; Aid to Mrs. Clemens, Mrs. Fyle, Lunchroom Squad; Hearthstone, Newman Clubs.—Business.



CARPENTER, EGBERT C.

Exceptional Service Certificate; Silver P. S. A. L. Pin; "A" for Track; Chem. Squad; Biology Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Auditorium Squad; Stamp and Bond Representative; Bond Rally Shows, Class Night, Communion Breakfast; Newman, Chemistry, Senior Glee Clubs; All City Chorus; Track Team.—Army Air Forces.



CARVILLE, AGNES M.

Meritorious Service Award; Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Library, Lunchroom Squads; Newman, Latin, Glee Club.—Business.



CAVOLI, MADELEINE A.

Junior Arista; First, Second Honors; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; First Aid Certificate; Bronze, Silver "A"; Aid to Mr. Middleton, Mrs. Byrne, Mrs. Hodgkiss, Mr. E. J. Clarke, Lunchroom Squad, "Clipper" Staff, Class Night Committee; Newman, Latin, Travel, Junior-Senior Glee Clubs.—Queens College.



CALCAGNO, ANNA R.

Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; All-Round Medal; First Aid Certificate; Girls' Athletic Council; Fashion Shows; Aid to Mrs. Fyle, Lunchroom Squad; Softball, Volleyball, Basketball, Leaders, Newman, Swimming, Manager of Volleyball Clubs.—Barbizon School of Modeling.



CANFIELD, ALICE M.

Bronze, Silver, Gold "A"; Second Honor; First Aid Certificate; Senior Arista; Spanish Proficiency Pin; Fashion Show; Junior P. S. A. L. Pin; Aid to Mrs. Wagler, Mr. E. J. Clarke, Lunchroom Squad; "Clipper"; Senior Celebrity Committee; Newman, Spanish Clubs.—Katherine Gibbs Business School.



CARPINO, MARION A.

Second Honors; P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Salvage Representative; Aid to Miss Armstrong, Miss Riordon, Lunchroom Squad; Hearthstone Club.—Business.



CARACCILOLO, CARMINE

Indoor Baseball, Basketball, Football Championships; Member of Baseball Team, '45, '46; Winner of Chemistry Contest; Aid to Mr. McCaffery, Mr. Landers, Mr. White, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Byers, A. D. S. Squad, Lunchroom Squad, Chem. Prep. Office, Aid to Mr. VonHolland; Spanish, Aviation, Chemistry Clubs.—University of Notre Dame.



CASTELL, ROSARY A.

Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; Bronze "A"; Aid to Miss Milella, Miss Curtis, Mr. McGill, Miss Laws, History Office; Newman, Latin, Spanish, Softball, Volleyball Clubs.—University of Chicago.



CERNEY, MARTHA H.

Second Honors; Red Cross Certificate; Nutrition Certificate; Dean's Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Volleyball, Priscilla Clubs.—Business.



One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.
—James Russell Lowell.

CHAGARIS, ESTHER

Second Honor Certificate; Bronze "A"; French Proficiency Pin; Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Mrs. Mulligan, General Office, Attendance Office, Lunchroom Squad.—Katherine Gibbs Business School.



CITRO, JOSEPH R.

P. S. A. L. Pin; Basketball; Lunchroom; Adams Defense Squad.—U. S. Army.

*lots of luck
Joseph Citro*



CLEARY, GERALD R.

First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pins; Meritorious Service; Second Honors; Aid to Mr. Bequet, Mr. Confoy, Mr. Brennan, Lunchroom Squad; Plays, "Apple Pie," "Taming of the Shrew"; Class Night Committee; Newman, Junior-Senior Dramatics, Junior Glee Clubs.—U. S. Navy.



CONNOLLY, ETHEL M.

First, Second Honors; Bronze "A"; First Aid, Meritorious Service Certificates; Aid to Mr. Tobias, Mr. Gross, Mr. E. J. Clarke, General Office, Clipper Columns; Newman Club.—University of Southern California.



COOK, ROBERT M.

Sports, Football, Basketball Intermurals; Bronze, Silver P. S. A. L. Pins; Lunchroom Squad; Hall Patrol; Stock Room Aid.—Armed Forces.

CORNELIUS, JEAN C.

Distinguished, Meritorious Service Awards; Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; Bronze "A"; Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; Associate Composing Editor; Aid to Mr. E. J. Clarke, Mr. Sheppard, Mr. Gross, Mr. Emerson, Miss Kennedy, Miss Beck; Program Committee; "Clipper" Staff; Commendation Card; Celebrity Committee; Lunchroom Squad; Class Night Committee; Senior Day Committee.—Business.



CICERO, MELINA P.

First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Gould, Miss Milella, Mrs. Troyano; Campus Representative; Stamp Representative; Italian Club.—Business.

CLAUSEN, RITA J.

Senior, Junior P. S. A. L. Pins; Nutrition, First Aid Certificates; Aid to Mr. Patterson, Lunchroom Squad; Basketball, Leaders, Tennis Club.—Business.

CLEMENTE, CONSTANCE C.

First Aid Certificate; Victory Corps; Prom Committee; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Reichenbach, Miss Riordon; Softball, Basketball, Newman Clubs.—Delehanty Institute.

CONNOR, JAMES

Second Honors; Bronze "A." P.S. A.L. Pin; Aid to Mr. Scarlatta, Lunchroom Squad; Football.—Armed Forces.

COOPER, DORIS

Junior Arista; Second Honor Certificates; Bronze "A"; Minor "A"; P. S. A. L. Pins; Meritorious Service Certificate; All-Year-Round Medal; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Lyons, Attendance Office, Mr. Weisberg, Miss Riordon, Lunchroom Squad; Hearthstone, Volleyball, Basketball.—Pace Institute.

CRISTOFANI, JOAN R.

First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pins; Junior, Senior Pins; Mr. Tobias, Lunchroom Squad, Victory Corps, Miss Berner, Newman, Hearthstone, Latin, Junior-Senior Glee Clubs.—Savage Institute.

Joan

One on God's side is a majority.

—Wendell Phillips.

CUMMING, WILLIAM S.

Bronze, Silver "A's"; Captain of Stage Squad; Color Guard; Aid to Mr. Nostrand, Mr. Bequet; Band Club.—College.



DE BENEDICTUS, HELEN E.

First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Junior and Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; War Stamps and G. O. Representative; Aid to Mr. McCaffrey, Miss Johnson, Mr. Middleton, Mrs. Fyle, Mrs. Hart, Mr. Burns; Class Night; Senior Day Committees; Lunchroom Squad; Basketball, Newman, Secretarial, Swimming Clubs.—Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.



DEMUTH, REGINA

First and Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A"; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Mr. McSheehy, Mr. Gorman, Mr. Tobias; Third Term G. O. Representative; Junior Arista, Newman, History Clubs.—Mary Immaculate School of Nursing.



DIMBERT, GLORIA R.

Senior Arista; Bronze, Silver "A"; Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; First Aid Certificate; German Proficiency Pins; P.S.A.L. Pins; All-Around Medal; Chevrons; General Office; "Campus," Lunchroom Squad; History, Judean, Basketball, Leaders, Swimming, Secretary of German Clubs.—City College of New York.



DITTRICH, ELEANOR A.

First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pins; Chevrons; Aid to Mr. E. J. Clarke, "Clipper", Lunchroom Squad, Class Night; Softball, Basketball, Hockey Clubs. — Nurses Training.



DONNELLY, HARRIET J.

Second Honors; First Aid Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Mather, Miss Paquette, Library Squad, Lunchroom Squads; Softball, Volleyball, Basketball Clubs.—Queens College.



CUPO, THERESA F.

Bronze, Silver "A's"; First and Second Honors; First Aid Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Mather, Miss Milella, Lunchroom Squad; Italian Club.—Business.



DELORENZO, JEAN M.

First Aid Certificate; Library Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Basketball, Newman, Senior Glee Clubs.—Business College.



DENDLE, FLORENCE M.

First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pins; Silver, Gold "A"; Aid to Miss Johnson, Lunchroom Squad; Newman, Glee Clubs.—Business.



DITTMAR, MARION C.

P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Fashion Show; Aid to Miss Feinberg, Lunchroom Squad, Annex Library Squad; Girl Reserves.—Business.



DOERRZAPF, NATHALIE

Second Honors; Junior Arista; Bronze "A"; P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Spanish Proficiency Pins; Aid to Miss Johnson, Miss DeKerney, Mrs. Fyle, Mr. Gonzalez, Lunchroom Squad, Spanish Office, Pool Office; Spanish, Junior Glee Clubs.—Queens College.



DORAN, ALICIA M.

First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Gould, Lunchroom Squad, Newman, Softball, Basketball Clubs.—Business.



*My classmate
Alicia*

What shall I do to be forever known, And make the age to come my own?
—Abraham Cowley.

DOWLING, JOHANNA L.
First Aid Certificates; Meritorious Service Award; Junior P. S. A. L. Pin; Spanish Proficiency Pin; Aid to Mr. Weisberg, Mr. Tobias, Mr. Landers, Mr. Godfrey, Lunchroom Squad.—Drakes Business School.

DUBANIEWICZ, STANLEY J.
Basketball, Softball, Handball Intramurals; P. S. A. L. Pins; Bronze, Silver, Ranger "A"; Lunchroom Squad, Hall Patrol; Newman, Basketball Clubs.—U. S. Navy.

DUNN, JOSEPH M.
Bronze, Silver "A"; P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Mrs. Austin, Mr. Moseley, Mr. Landers; Newman Club; Track Team.—College.

ELLINGSEN, GLORIA D.
First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Meritorious Service Award; Library Squad, Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mrs. McSheehy, Mrs. Hodgkiss, Mrs. Gould, Miss Riordon; Secretarial, Pemblec Clubs. — Business.

EPSTEIN, GEORGE M.
First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A"; Bronze P. S. A. L. Pins; Minor "A" in Cross Country; Member '45 City and Borough Championship; Cross Country Team, Track Team, Handball, Basketball Intramurals, Junior Arista, Late Squad, Judean Club.—U. C. L. A.

ESPOSITO, JEANNE M.
Junior Arista; Bronze "A"; First, Second Honors; Junior P. S. A. L. Pins; Sewing; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mr. White, Mr. Steed, Art Squad, Lunchroom Squad, General Office.—Art School.

DRUBEN, LORRAINE A.
Bronze "A"; Senior Arista; Second Honors; First Aid Certificates; Aid to Mr. Weisberg, Mr. E. J. Clarke, Miss Werschels, Library Squad Annex, Assistant Composing Editor "Clipper," Class Night Committee; Newman Club.—Business.

DUBIEL, DOLORES A.
First Aid Certificate; Junior P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Mrs. Lyons, Household Arts Department, Lunchroom Squad, Rationing; Newman, Junior, Senior Glee Clubs.—Business.

EGAN, MARY F.
Second Honors; Bronze "A"; First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pins; "Clipper" Literary Staff; Representative to Columbia Scholastic Press Association; Commendation Card; "A La Mode" Columnist; Aid to Mr. E. J. Clarke, Publications Office, Composing Editor, Lunchroom Squad, Fashion Show, Section Representative; Newman, Swimming Clubs. — Madame Traphagen School of Art.

ELLIOTT, MARY E.
Second Honors; First Aid Certificates; P. S. A. L. Pins; Fashion Shows; Aid to Miss Smith, Miss Riordon, Miss Paquet, Mr. Gunther, Mr. Steinhauser, Library Squad, Lunchroom Squad, "Clipper" Art Staff, Girl Reserves; Madame Traphagen School of Design.

ERARIO, AUGUST J.
Aid to Mr. Confoy, Dean's Squad, Lunchroom Squad; Newman Club.—College.

FARINATO, MARIE ANTONETTE
First Aid Certificate; Third Term G. O. Representative; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mrs. Landers; French Club.—Business.



Every joy is gain, And gain is gain, however small.

—Robert Browning.

FARRELL, RAYMOND

Second Honors: Bronze, Silver, Gold "A"; Aid to Mr. Morse, Mr. Scarlatta, Mr. Delaney; Track Major "A's"; '45 Queens Freshman Relay Champs; Medal '45 100 Yards, Queens; Wing Foot Club.—Northwestern University.

FEINSILVER, NORMAN

Runner-up in Basketball, Handball Intramurals; Lunchroom Squad; Orchestra; Class Night; Graduation; Aid to Mr. Piatti, Miss Berner, Mr. Devins, Assembly Squad.—Armed Forces.

FERLAZZO, JAMES T.

P. S. A. L. Pins; Meritorious Service Award; Lunchroom Squad; Hall Squad; Dean's Squad; "Campus" Squad; Newman, Junior Senior Glee Clubs. — Armed Forces.

FERRANDINO, ROSE G.

Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; "A" Athletics; P. S. A. L. All-Round Medals; Chevrons; First Aid, Softball, Honor Certificates; "Campus" Staff; "Ala Mode," "Adams Alley," "Service-men's Log"; Executive Council; Third Term G. O. Representative; Captain, Co-Captain, Lieutenant of Lunchroom Squads; Dean's Squad; Representative All-City Chorus; Junior, Senior Glee Clubs.—Business.

FITZPATRICK, JOHN A.

Second Honors: Bronze "A"; P. S. A. L. Pins; Lunchroom Squad; Dean's Squad; Aid to Mr. McDonald; Junior Glee Club. — Armed Forces.

FOLEY, OGDEN JAY

P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Service Awards; Aid to Mr. Berner, Mr. Confoy, Lunchroom Squad; Plays—"White Phantom," "Perfect Gentleman," "Taming of the Shrew," "Bargains in Cathey."—Franciscan Seminary.



FEHRINGER, JOHN W.

Meritorious, Exceptional, Distinguished Service Awards; P.S.A.L. Pins; J. A. Track Award; Second Honor Captain Lunchroom; Dean's Squad, Library Squad; Aid to Mr. White, Mr. Confoy, Class Night, History Forums; Pemblec, Spanish, French, Key of Courtesy, Junior Senior Glee Clubs.—College.

FELLOWS, GLORIA

Second Honor Certificates; Red Cross, First Aid Certificates; Lunchroom Squad.—Business.

FERNANDEZ, ESTHER L.

First Aid Certificates; Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Mr. Patterson, Mr. Ullman, Lunchroom Squad, Rationing; Fashion Shows, Secretarial, Softball Clubs.—Business.

FITZGERALD, ANNA M.

P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; "Campus"; Music Office; Lunchroom Squad; Fashion Show; Aid to Miss Berner, Mr. Clemens; Softball, Newman, Senior Glee Clubs.—Business.

FLECK, EDWARD F.

Discharged U. S. Seabees, Two Years Okinawa.—Business.

FOHS, PAUL J.

Second Honors; Meritorious Service; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Scarlatta; Newman Club. — Business.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees—As brooks make rivers, rivers run
to seas.
—John Dryden.

LOWE, ROSEMARY T.
First Aid Certificate; Meritorious
Service Award; Lunchroom
Squad.—Business.



FRITZ HENRY I.
P. S. A. L. Pin; Basketball Intramurals; Lunchroom Squad; Swing Band; Orchestra; Field Road Assembly Squad; Classnights; Graduations; Aid to Mr. Piatti, Mr. Deane; Celebrity Committee. — Armed Forces.

FUSCO, PHILIP J.
Major, Minor "A" in Baseball; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Goldfield, Mr. Scarlata, Mr. Byers, Mr. Mould, Mr. Reichenback; Baseball, Art, Italian Clubs. — Pratt Institute.



GALL, ETHEL R.
Second Honor Certificate; Junior P. S. A. L. Pin; First Aid Certificate; Library Squad; Aid to Miss Smith, Mrs. Pasquette, Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Walsh, Mr. Steed. Art Squad; Swimming, Spanish Clubs.—Pratt Institute.

GARWIG, CHARLES R.
Second Honors; Meritorious Service; Major "A"; Junior and Senior Glee Clubs; All-City Chorus; Senior Dramatics, "Taming of the Shrew"; Class Nights of '44, '45, '46, '47; Newman Club.—Franciscan Seminary.



GAYLE, WILLARD T.
Minor "A"; Aid to Miss Milella, Miss Peritte, Mr. Mauld. Lunchroom Squad; Victory Representative 1944; Major Music, Track Clubs.—Juilliard School of Music.

GEBHARDT, DORIS J.
Second Honors; First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Aid to Miss Kennedy, Lunchroom Squad; Basketball, Square Dancing Clubs.—Katherine Gibbs.



GENS, GLORIA E.
Second Honors; First Aid Certificates; Secretary to Hearststone Club; Aid to Miss Smith, Miss Armstrong, Lunchroom Squad; Newman, Hearststone Clubs. — Business.

GIGANTE, LUCILLE M.
Second Honors; First Aid Certificates; Aid to Miss Curtis, Mrs. Mather, Mr. McGill, Mrs. Tomasulo; Victory Corps Representative; Newman, Italian Clubs. — Juilliard School of Music.



GIGLIO, ROSE M.
First and Second Honors; Bronze and Silver "A's"; Junior P.S.A.L., Spanish Proficiency Pins; Senior Arista; First Aid, Meritorious Service Certificates; Aid to Mr. Weisberg, Mr. Ray, Mrs. McSheehy, Mrs. Ross, Miss DeKerway, Mr. Gonzalez, "Clipper" Aid, Lunchroom Squad; Newman, Spanish Clubs.—Queens College.

GIORDANO, EVELYN B.
Second Honors; Meritorious, First Aid Certificates; Bronze P. S. A. L. Pin; Art Clipper Staff; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mrs. Gould, Mr. McGill, Mr. Steed, Miss Curtis, Miss Langdon; Newman Club.—Felten-Taren.



GIORDANO, ROBERT J.
Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Aid to Mr. Mould, Mr. Scarlata, Mr. Mather; Italian Patrol; Football Team, 1944; Football Newman Clubs.—St. John's College.

I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top.

—Jonathan Smith.

GLUECKERT, HELEN M.
First Aid Certificate; Art Office, Lunchroom and Patrol Squad; Aid to Miss Curtis; Hearthstone, Newman Clubs.—Business.

GOLDMAN, EDITH
First and Second Honors; Bronze, Silver and Gold "A's"; Accounting Two, First Aid Certificates; Mino "A"; Junior P. S. A. L. Pin; Aid to Mr. Machlowitz; Basketball, Volleyball, Judean, Junior Glee Clubs.—Business.

GRANCHELLI, MARY
Junior, Senior Arista; Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A's"; First Aid Certificate; Library, Lunchroom Squads; Aid to Miss Milella, Mr. Fisch, Mr. Richenback; Newman, Latin, Italian, Volleyball, Basketball and Softball Clubs.—Hunter College.

GREENBERG, ADELE
First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Aid to Mr. Middleton, Mr. Patterson, Mrs. Gould, Miss Keller, Miss Brennan, Rationing Board, Lunchroom Squad; Judean Club.—Business.

GREGOR, JAMES G.
Medals for Basketball, Football Intramurals; Minor "A" for Baseball; Aid to Mr. Piatti, Mr. Devins, Mr. Cronan; Orchestra; Field Band; Co-Leader of Swing Band 1946, 1947; Captain Lunchroom Squad; Class Night, Commencement Exercises; Newman Club.—United States Navy.

GRIMES, JAMES W.
Bronze, Silver P. S. A. L. Pins; Basketball Intramurals; Second Honors; Hall Patrol, Emergency Room, Lunchroom Squads; Aid to Mr. Campson, Mr. Goffery, "Clipper" Staff; Newman Club.—U. S. Army.



GOLD, HAROLD S.
Bronze P. S. A. L. Pins; Basketball Intramurals; Meritorious Service Certificates; Aid to Miss Prior, Lunchroom, Hall, Assembly, Library Squads; Latin, Swimming Clubs.—U. S. Marine Corps.

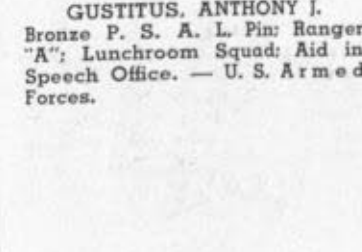
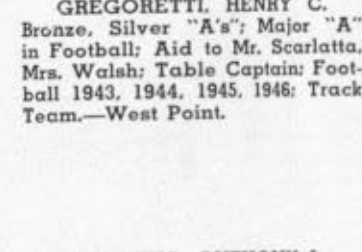
GONSEL, CONRAD E.
Basketball, Certificate Handball, Softball, Basketball, Intramurals; Lunchroom, Service; Aid to Mr. Nathan, Mr. Tobias; Hall Patrol.—Armed Forces.

GRANCHELLI, OLIVIA
Second Honors; First Aid Certificates; Library Squad; Aid to Miss DeKernay; Dramatics, "Where's Your Christmas Spirit"? Latin, Newman Club.—Nurses Training.

GREGO, MARIE O.
Second Honors; Junior Arista; Bronze, Silver "A's"; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss DeKernay; Leaders Club.—Foreign Service.

GREGORETTI, HENRY C.
Bronze, Silver "A's"; Major "A" in Football; Aid to Mr. Scarlatta, Mrs. Walsh; Table Captain; Football 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946; Track Team.—West Point.

GUSTITUS, ANTHONY J.
Bronze P. S. A. L. Pin; Ranger "A"; Lunchroom Squad; Aid in Speech Office.—U. S. Armed Forces.



The easiest person to deceive is one's own self.

—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

GUSTUS, MARILYN J.
Second Honors; P. S. A. L. Pin;
First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss
Riorden, Luncheon Squad; Soft-
ball, Volleyball Clubs.—Business.

HALE, RITA M.
First Aid Certificate; Junior, Sen-
ior P. S. A. L. Pins; Lunchroom
Squad; Aid to Mr. Weisburg, Mrs.
Fyle, Health Education Depart-
ment, Fashion Show; Pemblec
Club.—Business.

HEIDSTRA, HELEN M.
Second Honors; Bronze "A"; P. S.
A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate;
Aid to Mrs. Gould, Miss Smith,
Mrs. Fyle, Mr. E. J. Clarke, Lunch-
room Squad; Assistant Associate
Composing Editor; Publications
Office; Campus Representative;
Swimming, Newman Clubs; Class
Night.—Katherine Gibbs Secre-
tarial School.

HEUBERGER, LOUISE E.
First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss
Riorden, Lunchroom Service.—
Business.

HOEFLING, RUTH E.
Second Honor Certificate, First
Aid Certificate; Senior Arista;
Bronze "A"; Meritorious Service;
"Clipper" Contributor; Aid to Mr.
James Kelly, Miss Fischer, Mrs.
Lambert, Miss Feinberg, Lunch-
room Squad; Spanish Club.—
Business.

IMMOOR, GEORGE D.
Second Honor; Meritorious Serv-
ice; Exceptional Service; Bronze
P. S. A. L. Pins; Captain Lunch-
room; Dean's Squad; Hall Patrol
Captain; Captain Assembly
Squad; Four-Year Campus
Squad.—College.



GUTTIERI, PETER J.
Second Honor Certificates; Senior
Arista; Adams Defense Squad;
Aid to Mr. O'Shea, Dean's Squad.
—U. S. Army Air Force.

HASSETT, CHRISTINA R.
Second Honors; Bronze "A"; First
Aid Certificate; Library Squad;
Latin Club.—New York Univer-
sity.

HELLER, STANLEY S.
First Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold
"A"; Senior Arista; Meritorious,
Exceptional Service; French,
Spanish Proficiency Pins; P.S.A.L.
Pins; Aid to Mr. Machlowitz; His-
tory Office; Late Squad; Lunch-
room Squad; Judean Club;
French Club.—College.

HILL, DORIS E.
Second Honors; Bronze, Silver,
Gold "A's"; Spanish, French Pro-
ficiency Pins; Junior P. S. A. L.
Pins; Meritorious Service Award;
Aid to Miss Dekerney, Miss
Ruesse, Lunchroom Squad; Sen-
ior Arista; Spanish Club, French
Club, Junior Glee Club; First Aid
Certificate; Pemblec Club.—Hun-
ter College.

HOFMANN, GEORGE F.
Second Honor Certificates;
Bronze, Silver "A"; Swimming
Team, '44, '45, '46; Major Swim-
ming "A"; Member All-Queens
Swimming Team; Aid to Mr. Nor-
ton, Mr. Scarlata, Emergency
Room, Hall Patrol Squad, Lunch-
room Squad.—Cornell University.

ISAAC, ALVIN M.
Meritorious Service; Exceptional
and Distinguished Service
Awards; Aid to Mr. McGill; Cap-
tain of Late Squad; Patrol Squad.
—Business.

The wrong way always seems the more reasonable.

—George Moore.

JACOVO, NANCY L.

Meritorious Service; First Aid Certificate; Campus Staff; Library Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Fashion Show; Campus Representative; Aid to Mrs. Mather, Miss Milella; Newman Club, Italian Club.—Business.



JOHNSON, RITA T.

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; P. S. A. L. Pins; Meritorious Service; Distinguished Service; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. McSheely, Miss Langdon, Miss Werschels; Secretary of G. O.; Captain of Lunchroom Squad; Dean's Squad; Fashion Show; Public Speaking Club; German Club.—Katherine Gibbs Business School.



KAZLAUSKAS, MURIEL M.

Second Honors; First Aid Certificates; Bronze P. S. A. L. Pin; Aid to Mrs. Fyle, Miss DeKernay, Miss Reuss; Fashion Shows, Knitting, Spanish, Newman Clubs.—Business.



KLEIN, HELEN R.

Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss Johnson, Miss Unser, Miss Riordon, Mr. Von Arx, Lunchroom, Campus Squads. — Business.



KOEHNEN, HELEN L.

First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Lyons, Miss Unser, Miss Riordon, Mr. Von Arx, Lunchroom, Campus, Victory Corps, Office; Basketball, Tennis, Volleyball, Senior Glee Clubs.—Katherine Gibbs.



KROSTICH, BEVERLY F.

Girl Leader Junior and Senior Arista; Gold, Silver, Bronze "A's"; Minor "A"; First and Second Honors; Meritorious, Exceptional and Distinguished Service Certificates; Proficiency Spanish Pins; First Aid Certificate; Junior Life-saving Pin; Switchboard Operator; Aid to Miss Byrnes, Mrs. McSheehey, Mr. Uhlman, Lunchroom Squad; Secretary to Latin Club; Chevrons.—College.



JESELEN, LILLIAN J.

Bronze "A"; Second Honors; First Aid Certificate, Nutrition Certificate; Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Mrs. Walsh, Mr. Middleton, Lunchroom Squad; Basketball Club.—Business.



KAPPELER, JUNE F.

Fashion Show; Christmas Bazaar; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mr. Tobias, Miss Johnson, Library, Lunchroom Squads, Victory Corps, Ration Board; French, Junior Glee Clubs.—Business.



KELLY, JOHN A.

Discharged U. S. Navy, Twelve Months, Pacific.—College.



KOCIAL, JOAN M.

Second Honors; Junior P. S. A. L. Pins; Household Arts Honors; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mr. Sheppard; Campus Representative; Lunchroom Squad; Rationing Board; Newman, Senior Glee Clubs; Fashion Shows; "Nobody Home" Class Night Committee.—Business.



KRAVITZ, ELAINE E.

Junior, Senior Arista; Bronze "A"; Second Honors; Meritorious Service; First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; P. S. A. L. Pin; Aid to Mr. Patterson, Lunchroom Squad; Judean Club.—City College of New York.



KUHNE, CHARLES J.

Second Honors; P. S. A. L. Pins; Basketball, Softball, Handball Intramurals; Class Night Committee; Lunchroom, Lockerroom, Emergency Room Squads; Aid to Mr. Shields, Mr. Morse, Mr. Brennan, Mr. MacNamara, "Taming of the Shrew"; Spanish, Dramatics Clubs.—Brooklyn Poly Tech.



A friend is, as it were, a second self.

—Cicero.

LA CAVA, DOROTHY
Second Honors; Meritorious Service; First Aid Certificate; Bronze "A"; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Tobias, Miss Johnson, Miss Riordon, Miss DeKernay; French. Junior Glee Clubs; Fashion Show.—Business.

LAMBERT, JAMES F.
Bronze and Silver "A's"; Major "A"; Aid to Mr. Scarlat, Lunchroom Squad; Table Captain; Swing Band; Orchestra; Track Team; Football Team '44, '45, '46; Queens Champions '44, '45.—West Point.

LA ROCCA, SALVATORE
Vice-President G. O. Term Representative; Member Executive Council; Chairman of Class Night; Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Gorman; Dean Squad.—St. John's University.

LANGER, IRWIN
Spanish Pins; Patrol Squads; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Delaney, Mr. Byers, Mr. Gorman, Mr. Freeman; English, Biology Clubs; President of the Stitch Club.—St. John's University.

LEVIN, ROBERT A.
Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mr. Troyano, Lunchroom Squad; Hall Patrol; Public Speaking; Basketball, Softball Intramurals.—Columbia University.

LUNDSTROM, IRENE D.
Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Junior Arista; Spanish Proficiency Pin; Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss Smith, Mr. Fisch; Junior and Senior Dramatics, "Where's Your Christmas Spirit."—Latin American Institute.



LA CLAIR, GILBERT W.
Second Honors; Bronze and Silver "A's"; Junior Arista; Aid to Mr. Lent, Mr. E. J. Clarke, Miss De Kernay; Newman Club; Clipper Staff.—College.

LANZARONE, PHILIP
Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Junior Arista; Meritorious Service Certificate; Basketball and Indoor Baseball Intramurals; Aid to Mr. Jacobson, Mr. Troyano, Mr. Camson; Lunchroom Squad.—U. S. Navy.

LARSON, ELAINE L.
Second Honors; Bronze and Silver "A's"; First Aid and Nutrition Certificates; Aid to Mr. Patterson, Miss De Kernay; Fashion Show; Ration Board; Lunchroom, Library Squads; Volleyball Club.—Business.

LEARY, HARRIETTE J.
First Aid Certificate; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mrs. Austin; Social Dancing Club.—Business.

LI PUMA, SALVATORE V.
Second Honors; Distinguished Service Award; Scholastic Award for Art; Clipper, Campus Art Staff; Aid to Mr. Steed, Mr. Byrne, Mr. Reichenbach, Mr. Gorman; Newman Club; Art Institute, New York.

LYNCH, PATRICIA
Second Honors; Junior Arista; Bronze "A"; Distinguished, Meritorious Service Awards; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mr. E. J. Clarke, Editor of Clipper, Associate Editor, Staff Member; Representative to Columbia Scholastic Press Association; Lunchroom Squad; Newman, Spanish, Basketball, Art Clubs; Prom Committee.—N. Y. U.

Li Puma, Salvatore V. - a swell guy -
graduated from Art Institute, New York
Sal.

Honor lies in honest toil.

—Grover Cleveland.

MAGUS, HARRIET D.

P. S. A. L. Pin; Second Honors; Red Cross Certificate; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Mr. Middleton, Mrs. Walsh, Mr. Tobias; Library Squad; General Office; Swimming, Volleyball, Softball Clubs.—Alabama State Teachers College.



MANN, BEATRICE R.

Distinguished Service Award; First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Miss Holz, Mr. McGill, Mr. Tobias, Mr. Lambert, Patrol Squad, Lunchroom Squad, Grade Advisors' Office; Latin, Quiescent of Latin Clubs.—Nurses Training.



MARINO, MARGARET K.

Second Honors; Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Mr. Weisberg, Mr. Ray, Mr. Gross, Miss Emerson; Program Committee; Attendance Office; Lunchroom Squad; Class Night; Senior Day; Celebrity Committees; Spanish, Newman, Junior, Senior Glee Clubs.—St. Johns University.



MARTENS, WALTER F.

Bronze P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Miss Massey, Mr. Confoy; Lunchroom Squad.—U. S. Armed Forces



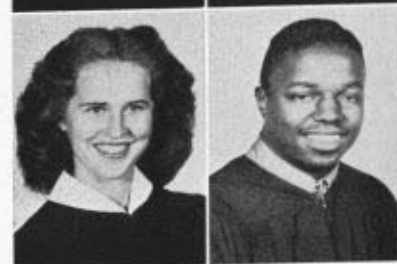
MASTROCINQUE, FRANCES A.

Minor "A"; Junior P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Miss Johnson, Miss Langdon, Miss Milella, Miss Novotny; Basketball, Spanish, Dramatic Clubs; "Taming of the Shrew," "Surprise Party." —Business.



MacARTHUR, JESSIE L.

First Honors; Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; First Aid Certificate; Runner-up Pin; P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Miss Armstrong, Miss Degen, Lunchroom Squad; Softball Club.—Business.



MAIORANA, MARIE C.

First Aid Certificate; Prom Committee; Aid to Miss Kennedy, Miss Beck, Miss Riorden; Lunchroom Squad; Softball Club.—Business.

Best of luck Marie

MANSFIELD, ROBERT

Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; Dean's Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Library Squad; Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Brennan; Newman Club.—New York University.

MARSHALL, GEORGE B.

Second Honors; Minor "A" in Cross Country and Track; Member of '45 Junior Queen C. C. Champs; Meritorious Service Award; Hall Patrol; "Clipper," "Campus," Art Staff; Aid to Mr. Steed, Mr. Nostrand, Mr. Middleton.—C. C. N. Y.

MASS, BERKELEY

Baseball, Handball, Intramurals; Bronze "A"; First Aid Certificate; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Brennan, Mr. Troyano, Mrs. Hodgkiss, Mr. Confoy.—Armed Forces.

MAURER, MURIEL T.

Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; Junior P. S. A. L. Pin; Aid to Mr. Ullman, Miss DeKernay, Mr. Veit; Victory Corps; Spanish, Pemblec, Junior, Senior Glee Clubs.—Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

McCLARY, JOHN

Ranger, Handball, Baseball, Basketball Intramurals; Bronze, Silver P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Mr. McClelland, Mr. Bequet, Mrs. Horton, Mr. Devins; Hall Patrol; Table Captain; Lunchroom Squad; Basketball Club.—U. S. Military Service.

Great thoughts, like great deeds, need no trumpet.

—Bailey.

Paul
Mc CORMICK, MARIE T.
Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; G. O. Representative; Stamp, Bond Representative; Aid to Miss Armstrong, Miss Riordon, Miss Newman; Emergency Room; Lunchroom Squad; Newman, Hearststone Clubs; Senior Jewelry Representative.—Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.



McENTEE, EDWARD P.
Discharge U. S. Navy, 18 Months Service in Pacific Theatre.—College.



McILVAIN, RAYMOND F.
Second Honors; Silver "A"; Major "A" in Football; Member '45 Queens Champion Football Team; Aid to Mr. Shields, Mr. Delaney, Mr. Gorman; Football, Latin, Newman Clubs.—Fordham University.



McKEATING, JOAN C. M.
Second Honors; First Aid Certificates; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Miss Johnson, Miss Langdon, Miss Jones, Miss Novotny, Mrs. Paquette, Mrs. Clemens, Miss Hughes, Mr. Fisch, Mr. Brown; Lunchroom Squad; Senior G. O. Representative; Latin, Junior Glee Clubs.—Delehanly Institute.



MELIA, LUCILLE D.
Gold, Silver P. S. A. L. Pins; Junior, Senior Life Saving; First Aid Certificate; Bronze "A"; All-Round Medal; Minor "A"; Aid to Mr. Middleton, Mrs. Troyano; Library Squad; Publications Office; Lunchroom Squad; Volleyball, Softball, Basketball, Swimming, Tennis Clubs; Girl Reserves.—Pratt Institute.



MEYER, ADELINE M.
Second Honors; Exceptional Service Award; First Aid Certificates; Gold P. S. A. L. Pin; Library Squad; Aid to Mr. Byrne, Mr. Patterson, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Fyle; Hearststone, Pemblec, Latin, Public Speaking Clubs; Girl Reserves.—Business.



McDERMOTT, ELIZABETH T.
First Aid Certificate; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Miss Armstrong; Newman Club.—Business.



McHALE, MARY C.
First Aid Certificate; Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; Junior, Senior Red Cross; Swimming; Nutrition; Red Cross Certificates; Aid to Miss Fisher; Dean's Office; Library Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Basketball, Softball, Clubs.—Business School.

McKAY, JAMES
Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Aid to Mrs. Austin, Mr. Cronin, Mr. Confoy, Mr. McNamara; Lunchroom Squad; Hall Patrol; Basketball, Softball, Football Intramurals.—College.



McNAUGHTON, WILLIAM
Basketball Intramurals; Bronze, Silver P. S. A. L. Pins; Ranger "A"; Aid to Mr. Camson, Mr. Byers, Mr. Confoy; Lunchroom Squad; Lockerroom Squad; Baseball, Newman Clubs.—United States Marines.

METZ, FRANCES L.
Second Honors; Junior P. S. A. L. Pin; First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Aid to Miss Riordon, Mrs. Gould, Mr. Steinlein; Bazaar; Lunchroom Squad; Ration Board; Basketball, Newman Clubs.—Business.



MEYER, DOROTHY M.
Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Mr. Brown, Miss Reuss, Miss Dellert; Lunchroom Squad; Plays; Newman, Biology, Latin, Knitting Clubs.—Nurses Training.



*Books are not companions—they are solitudes: We lose ourselves in them
and all our cares.*

—Bailey.

Best of Luck

MICHALUK, PETER

Plays "Nobody Home," "Apple Pie"; Aid to Mr. Lambert, Miss Brennan, Mr. Mahedy; Patrol Squad; Junior Glee Club.—La Salle Extension University for Accountants.



MICIELL, FRANK J.

Aid to Mr. Morse, Mr. O'Shea, Mr. Cardon; Lunchroom Squad; "Campus" Squad.—U. S. Army.

MILLER, GLORIA M.

Bronze "A"; Second Honors; Junior Arista; Meritorious Award; Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Mather; Lunchroom Squad; Secretary of Latin Club; Glee Club.—N. Y. U.



MIRABELLO, FRANK

Veteran.—Library Squad; Lunchroom Patrol; Late Squad; Italian Club.—St. John's College.

MOLINE, MARY A.

First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A"; Junior Arista; First Aid Certificates; Aid to Miss Unser, Mrs. Austin, Mr. Richter, Mr. Von Arx; "Campus"; Hearthstone, Dramatics Clubs; Plays "Nobody Home," "Where's Your Christmas Spirit," "Surprise Party."—Business.



MONEYPENNY, LAWRENCE

Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; Patrol Squad; Aid to Mr. Scarlatta, Mr. Norton; Lunchroom Squad; Major League; Bronze "A"; Swimming Team '45, '46 and '47.—U. S. Marines.

MOONEY, JOAN T.

Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pins; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. McGill, Mrs. Austin; Speech Office; Newman, Softball Clubs.—Business.



MORITZ, MARCELLA A.

Second Honors; Arista; Meritorious Service Award; Bronze "A"; P. S. A. L. Pins; Minor "A"; All-Round Medals; Chevrons; First Aid Certificate; Art Recommendation Cards; Aid to Mr. Middleton, Mr. Moseley, Mrs. Paquette, Miss Reuss, Mrs. Fyle, Miss Laws; Program Committee; Oil, Sugar Rationing; Annex Library Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Newman, Latin Clubs.—St. Johns University.

MOTSCHWILLER, WILLIAM A.

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A"; German Proficiency Pin; Aid to Mr. Gorman; Co-Captain Lunchroom Squad; Dean's Squad; Newman, Key to Courtesy, Junior, Senior Glee Clubs.—College.



MULHOLLAND, SARAH M.

First Aid Certificate; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Miss Howe; Newman, Junior, Senior Glee Clubs.—Business.

MUMMOLO, BELLA

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Junior Standard First Aid Certificates; Aid to Mr. Pfister; Spanish, Italian Clubs.—Business.



MUTONE, GENNARO B.

Second Honors; Hall Patrol; Aid to Mr. Freeman, Miss Milella; Junior, Senior Glee Clubs.—Business.

Good, God, who sends the wounds send the medicine.

—Cervantes.

Go very close to me
NACINOVICH, WANDA S.
 Junior and Senior First Aid Certificates; Captain of the Lunchroom Squad; Senior Dramatics; Senior Journalism.—Business.

NEUWEILER, ELLA P.
 Junior, Senior P. S. A. L.; Chevrans; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mr. Tobias, Miss Dellert, Miss Laws, Mr. Kelly; Lunchroom Squad; Stamp Representative.—College.

O'CONNOR, JOAN L.
 Second Honor Certificate; Bronze "A"; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss Smith, Mrs. Clemens, Miss Johnston; Lunchroom Squad; Hearststone, Newman Clubs. — School of Accounting.

ONUFER, HELEN E.
 First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mr. E. J. Clarke; Newman Club. — Business.

PADUANO, FRANK C.
 P.S.A.L. Pins; Lunchroom Squad; Dean's Squad; Class Night Committee; All-City High School Chorus; Newman, Key-of-Courtesy, Junior, Senior Glee Clubs. — Armed Forces.

PANDOLFO, MARIE A.
 Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; First Aid Certificate; Library Squad; Aid to Miss Reimer; Lunchroom Squad; Newman, Spanish, Junior, Senior Dramatic, Senior Glee Clubs.—Latin American Institute.



NESTA, LAURA L.
 First Aid Certificate; Nutrition Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Mulligan; Softball, Basketball, Volleyball, Tennis.—Business.

NIX, IRENE M.
 First Aid Certificate; Nutrition Certificate; Aid to Miss Smith; Lunchroom Squad; Ration Board Corp. Newman, Secretarial, Basketball Clubs; Senior Day Committee.—Business.

O'HARE, EDWARD
 Second Honors, Bronze "A," P.S. A.L. Pin; Aid to Mr. Scarlatta; Lunchroom Squad; Football. — College.

OSGYANI, PHYLLIS V.
 First Aid Certificate; First Honors; Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Silver "A"; Spanish Proficiency Pins; Senior Arista; Fourth and Sixth Term Average Awards; Aid to Mr. Gonzalez; Clipper Staff; Lunchroom Squad; Dramatics, "Bargains in Cathay," "Where's Your Christmas Spirit?"; Secretary of Spanish Club; Forums; Chairman of Prom Committee; Meritorious Service Award; Class Night.—Hunter College.

Mary
PALMUCCI, MARY
 Second Honors; First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Losh, Miss Finn; Lunchroom Squad; Secretarial, Newman Clubs. — Business.

PASSALACQUA, CONSTANCE T.
 First, Second Honors; Junior Arista; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Spanish Proficiency Pin; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mr. Reichenbach, Mrs. Fyle, Miss Milella, Mrs. Mather, Mr. Freeman; Lunchroom Squad; Spanish, Italian, Newman, Glee Clubs.—Queens College.

The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.

—Pope.

PASSARETTE, THERESA R.

First Aid Certificate; Runner-up Pin; Chevrons; Aid to Mr. Reichenbach, Mr. Goldfield; Lunchroom Squad; Softball, Hearthstone, Newman Clubs.—Business.



PEDERSEN, GLORIA M.

Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; Chevrons; First Aid, Life Saving Certificates; G. O. Representative; Aid to Miss Curtis, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Moseley, Mrs. Gould, Miss Reimer, Mrs. Byrnes, Mr. Clarke; Program Committee; Oil, Sugar Committee; Travel, Art Clubs. — New York University.



PIAZZA, LENA R.

First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Gould, Miss Keller, Miss Curtis; Lunchroom Squad; Mr. Phister.—Business School.



POLAN, STANLEY M.

Second Honors; Senior Arista; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Bronze "A"; Flagbearer; Announcer; Stage Squad; Physics Squad; Late Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Eckstein, Mr. Bequet; Forums; Physics Club.—United States Naval Academy.



RANDELL, CLARENCE R.

Second Honors; Meritorious Service Awards; Handball, Softball, Basketball Intramurals; First Aid Certificate; Victory Corps Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Dean's Squad; Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Shields, Mr. Byers; Pemblec Club.—Pratt Institute for Civil Engineering.



REICHLE, DOROTHY I.

Second Honors; Nutrition; First Aid Certificates; P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Mr. Middleton, Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Fyfe; Library, Lunchroom Squads; Victory Corps; G. O. Section Representative; Basketball, Volleyball, Badminton Clubs; Girl Reserves. — Felt and Tarrant School.



PANTULIANO, THERESA E.

Bronze, Silver P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Chevrons; Second Honors; Aid to Mrs. Clemens; Lunchroom Squad; Third Term War Bond Representative; Leaders, Basketball, Volleyball, Newman Clubs.—Business College.



PETERS, JOAN A.

First Aid Certificate; Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Miss Riordon; Secretarial Club.—Wilberforce University.



PICANO, VIRGINIA

Junior, Senior Arista; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A"; Second Honors; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; All-Round Medal; P. S. A. L. Pin; Orchestra; Co-Captain of Lunchroom; General Office; Record Room; Aid to Miss Beck; Social Dancing, Basketball, Volleyball, Square Dancing, Tennis, Vice-President of Latin Clubs.—Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.



PORPORA, ANN T.

Bronze P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Miss Curtis, Mr. McGill, Miss Reimer; Newman, Latin Clubs. — Saint Catherine's Nurses Training School.



RECCO, DOROTHY A.

Junior P. S. A. L. Pin; First Aid Certificate; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Mr. Richter, Mr. Froelich; Captain, Co-Captain of Lunchroom; "Campus" Representative; Newman Club.—Business.



REID, WALTER

Discharged U. S. Navy — Thirty Months in Pacific, European, American Theatres.—Business.



Thought once awakened does not again slumber.

—Carlyle.

REISEN, HERBERT W.
P. S. A. L. Pins; Softball, Basket-
ball Intramurals; Dean's, Lunch-
room, Lockerroom, Patrol Squads;
Aid to Mr. Middleton, Mrs. Urban.
—U. S. Marine Corps.

ROBINSON, MARILYN J.
P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid, Nutri-
tion Certificates; Aid to Mrs.
Lyons, Miss Finn, Miss Langdon;
Lunchroom Squad; Volleyball,
Softball Clubs.—Business.

ROCHE, JOAN M.
First Aid Certificate; Lunchroom
Squad; Newman, President Sec-
retarial Clubs.—Business.

ROSEN, ROBERT M.
Meritorious, Exceptional Service
Awards; Aid to Mr. McGill, Mr.
Richter; Late, Dean's Squads.—
Business.

ROSENTHAL, CHARLES
Second Honors; Art Certificate;
Dean's Office; Aid to Mr. Confoy.
—Cornell University.

ROTH, ARTHUR
Second Honors; Bronze, Silver
"A"; Aid to Mr. Jacobson; Late
Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Chem-
istry Club.—College.

RIFKIN, ANNETTE L.
French Proficiency Pin; Second
Honors; P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid
Certificate; Meritorious Service
Award; All-round Medals; Run-
ner-up Pins; Aid to Miss Keller,
Mr. Confoy, Mr. McGill, Miss
Burns; Dean's Squad; Leaders,
Basketball, French, Swimming
Clubs.—N. Y. U.

ROGERETO, PETER A.
Football 46; Queens Football
Champs 45; Major "A"; Bronze,
Silver "A"; Aid to Mr. Scarlatta,
Mr. Camson, Mr. Mould, Mr.
Morse, Mr. Brennan; Lunchroom
Squad; Football, Newman Clubs.
—Alaska Gold Mining Company.

ROSA, MARIE A.
Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Jun-
ior Arista; Meritorious Service
Award; Third Term Sewing Hon-
ors; First Aid Certificate; Emer-
gency Room; Record Room; Grade
Advisor's Office; Lunchroom, Li-
brary Squads; Victory Aid; Fash-
ion Shows; Aid to Miss Beck,
Miss Lach, Miss Reuss; Hearst-
stone Club.—Queens College.

ROSENKRANZ, MARTHA
Second Honors; First Aid Certifi-
cate; Lunchroom Squad; Spanish
Club.—Hunter College.

ROSENSTEIN, GERALD
Second Honors, Bronze "A," P.S.
A.L. Pin; Aid to Mr. Scarlatta,
Lunchroom Squad.—College.

SAVAGE, MILDRED H.
Second Honors; Junior, Senior
P. S. A. L. Pins; Leader "I";
Bronze "A"; First Aid Certificate;
Spanish Proficiency Pin; Honor-
able Mention Fashion Show; Aid
to Mrs. Gould, Miss Riordon;
"Campus" Representative; G. O.
Section Representative; Bond and
Stamp Representative; Ration
Board; Salvage Representative;
Fashion Shows; Leaders, Junior
Glee Clubs; Victory Corps.—Busi-
ness.



To a Fellow
mountain
classmate
John

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator.

—Shakespeare.

SCHARF, FRANK G.
Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. McCaffrey, Mr. Landers, Miss Berner; Latin, Newman, Senior Glee Clubs.—U. S. Navy.

SCHEFFERINE, ROBERT H.
Second Honors; Major, Minor "A" in Track, Cross Country; Aid to Mr. Gorman; Dean's Squad; Basketball Intramurals. — Syracuse University.

SCHNEIDER, ROBERT J.
Major, Minor "A" Swimming; All-Queens Swimming Team '45, '46; Bronze, Silver "A"; Second Honors; Swimming Team '45, '46, '47; Aid to Mr. Norton, Mr. Scarlatta, Mr. Byers, Mr. O'Shea; G. O. Representative; Lunchroom Squad; Seaweed Society; Water Polo Club.—Ohio State University.

SCHWING, LORRAINE F.
Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Major, Minor "A"; P. S. A. L. Pins; All-Round Medal; First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Member Girls' Athletic Council; Rationing; G. O. Representative; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mrs. Gould; Softball, Basketball, Volleyball, Tennis Clubs.—Deleahanty Institute.

SEITZ, HENRIETTA M.
First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Junior, Senior Arista; Meritorious Service Award; German, Secretarial Two-Year Medals; Aid to Mr. Cronin, Miss Kennedy, Miss Langdon, Mr. Richter; German, Softball, Pemble Clubs.—Business.

SIEGEL, LORRAINE
Senior Arista; First Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A"; Spanish Proficiency Pin; Library Squad; Aid to Miss Dellert; Spanish, Square Dancing Clubs. — New York University.



SCHARF, JOHN I.
Dean's Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Cronin; Assembly Squad; Latin, Newman Clubs.—U. S. Navy.

SCHNEIDER, GEORGE W.
Bronze, Silver, Gold "A" Second Honors; Major, Minor "A" Track, Cross Country, Baseball; Member '45 Junior Cross Country Champs, Freshman 880-Yard Relay Queens Champs; Track '43, '44, '45, '46; Cross Country '45, '46; Baseball '45, '46; Aid to Mr. Shields, Mr. Byers, Mr. Morse, Mr. Scarlatta; Wing Foot Club.—Syracuse College.

SCHORR, ELEANOR M.
Second Honors; German Proficiency Pin; Aid to Miss Riordon, Miss McDowell; Lunchroom Squad; Fashion Show; Basketball Club.—Business.

SEARING, ROBERT J.
P. S. A. L. Pins; Basketball, Softball Intramurals; Captain Hall Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Dean's Squad; Aid to Mr. Richter, Mr. McDonald; Chemistry Club. — Business.

SIEB, WILLIAM
Bronze P. S. A. L. Pins; Dean's Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Hall Patrol; Glee Club.—Business.

SIEGEL, SYDELLE
P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Aid to Miss Keller, Miss Weisberg, Miss Werschels, Miss Burns; Dean's Squad; Leaders, Volleyball, Basketball, Swimming Clubs.—New York University.



PRIVATE

23
DONE MOST FOR ADAMS
PATRICK BOHEN
PATRICIA BROWN

20
QUIETEST
ROBERT THOMPSON
DOROTHY TRAPP

21
MOST ACTIVE
SAL LA ROCCA
PATRICIA BROWN

18
MOST POPULAR
PATRICK BOHEN
PATRICIA LYNCH

24
CLASS ORATOR
PATRICK BOHEN
JEAN CORNELIUS

22
CLASS PET
WARREN STORY
MARGARET MARINO

15
BEST LOOKING
JAMES MCKAY
EDNA BROWN

11
MOST ATHLETIC
JAMES MCKAY
GEORGE SCHNEIDER
ORRAINE SCHWING

17
MOST GENIAL
PAUL ZUCKERMAN
JEAN STOCKER

16
BEST PERSONALITY
ROBERT SCHNEIDER
PATRICIA LYNCH

7
BEST DRESSED
INDY RANDELL
ARGARET MARINO

9
MOST BASHFUL
GEORGE HOFMAN
DOROTHY TRAPP

19
NOISIEST
GERALD CLEARY
ROSE GIGLIO

6
LITERARY LIGHT
GILBERT LeCLAIR
PATRICIA LYNCH

14
WITTIEST
PAUL ZUCKERMAN
JOAN CANNON

5
CLASS MUSICIAN
AMES LAMBERT
ADELINE CAVOLI

12
CORN HUSKER
OGDEN FOLEY
JOAN CANNON

10
CLASS PEST
PAT VOLTA
BLANCHE BIRNBAUM

3
BEST DANCER
CHARLES GARWIG
FLORENCE DENDLE

4
CLASS ACTOR
FRED BATTLINE
MARIE PANDOLFO

8
CLASS ARTIST
SAL LIPUMA
ROSE FERNANDINO

1
MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED
PATRICK BOHEN
JEAN STOCKER

2
MOST STUDIOUS
WARREN STORY
JEAN STOCKER



The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.
—Thomas Jefferson.

SIMONSON, FLORENCE M.
Major, Minor "A"; Bronze "A";
Chevrons: Girls' All-Round Med-
al; Aid to Mr. McGill; Basketball,
Softball, Swimming, Junior, Sen-
ior Life Saving Clubs.—Business.



SOBEL, RHODA
Second Honors; First Aid Certifi-
cate; Aid to Mr. McGill, Mrs. Aus-
tin, Miss Austin; History Office;
Secretarial Office; Lunchroom
Squad; Assembly Programs;
Christmas Play; Judean, Spanish,
Junior and Senior Dramatic, Jun-
ior and Senior Glee Clubs.—Busi-
ness.



SPIEGEL, MARILYN F.
Junior Arista; Bronze, Silver, Gold
"A's"; Second Honors; First Aid
Certificate; Leaders "L"; P.S.A.L.
Pins; Program Committee; G. O.
Section Representative; Fashion
Show '44, '45; Aid to Miss Mc-
Dowell; Secretarial, Leaders, Sec-
retary of Judean, Glee Clubs;
"Campus"—C. C. N. Y.



STOECKER, FRIEDA M.
Second Honors; First Aid Certifi-
cate; Late Squad; Grade Advis-
or's Office; Aid to Mr. Jacobson,
Mr. Tobias, Mr. Moseley, Mr. Pat-
terson; Lunchroom Squad; Plays
"Pirates of Penzance," "Bargains
in Cathay"; Dramatics, German,
Hearthstone, Junior, Senior Glee
Clubs.—Business.



STRINGHAM, JEANNE M.
First Aid Certificate; Silver,
Bronze P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to
Miss DeKernay, Mr. Reichenbach,
Mr. Burns, Mr. Patterson, Mr.
Mould; General Office, Class
Night; "Where's Your Christmas
Spirit?"; Dramatics, Swimming,
Spanish, Newman, Senior Glee
Clubs.—Katherine Gibbs Secre-
tarial School.



SYREWICZ, EUGENE R.
Bronze, Silver P. S. A. L. Pins;
Basketball, Softball, Handball In-
tramurals; Lieutenant Lunchroom
Squad; Aid to Mr. Puorro; Hall
Patrol; Secretary Newman Club.
—U. S. Army.



SLINGER, HELEN A.
Distinguished Service Award;
First Aid Certificate; Library
Squad; Attendance Office; Health
Education Office; Lunchroom
Squad; Junior, Senior Glee Clubs.
—The Harriette Mills School for
Kindergartners.

SPARADOSKI, ROBERT E.
Major "A" Baseball; Bronze "A";
Bronze P. S. A. L. Pins; Softball,
Basketball, Football; Lunchroom;
Hall Patrol; G. O. Representative;
Aid to Mr. Byers; Member Base-
ball Team '46.—Business.

STOCKER, JEAN
Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; First,
Second Honors; Meritorious Serv-
ice Award; Junior, Senior Arista;
French, Spanish Proficiency Pins;
Two-Year Spanish, Cooking Med-
al; 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th Term
Honors; P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid
Certificate; French Certificate of
Merit; "Clipper"; Aid to Mr. Weis-
berg, Miss Riordon; Lunchroom
Squad; French, Spanish, Hearth-
stone Clubs.—Keuka College.

STORY, WARREN L.
Senior, Junior Arista; Boy Leader;
Senior Arista; First Honors;
Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Highest
Term Honors; Meritorious, Excep-
tional Service Awards; Latin,
French Certificates; French Profi-
ciency Pins; P. S. A. L. Pins, For-
ums; Ecole Libre Scholarship; Aid
to Mr. Middleton, Mr. Tobias, Mr.
Confoy, Mr. Brennan, Mr. Laguar-
dia; Mr. E. J. Clarke; Latin,
French, Pemblec, Biology, History
Clubs.—Columbia University.

STRUMPFER, GEORGE U.
Second Honors; Meritorious Serv-
ice Award; Lunchroom Squad;
Aid to Mr. Brennan, Mr. Scarlatta.
—U. S. Marine Corps.

THOMPSON, ROBERT F.
Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Mer-
itorious Service Award; Spanish
Proficiency Pin; Aid to Mr. To-
bias; Grade Advisor's Office; Co-
Captain Lunchroom Squad,
Dean's Squad; Biology, Newman,
Junior Glee Clubs.—College.

Inconsistency is the only thing in which men are consistent.

—Horatio Smith.

THOMSON, JANINA A.

First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss Munn; Lunchroom Squad; 7th Term Section Representative; Secretarial Club.—Business.

Janina Thomson



TIBAVIDO, RAYMOND S.

Second Honors; Basketball, Softball, Intramurals; Hall Patrol; Assembly Squad; Aid to Mr. Brennan, Mr. Camson.—College.

your pal Ray



TRAPP, DOROTHY M.

Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; Fashion Shows; Bronze "A"; Junior Arista; First Aid Certificates; Aid to Miss Feinberg, Miss DeKernay; Emergency Room, Dean's, Library, Lunchroom Squads; Victory Aid.—Queens College.



TUFANO, ETTA

First Aid Certificate; Second Honors; Library, Lunchroom Squads; Stamp, Bond Representative; Aid to Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Gould; Travel, Newman, Softball, Hearthstone Clubs.—Business College.



VILLANI, RITA T.

Bronze "A"; Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; Chevrons; Aid to Miss Feinberg, Mrs. Austin, Miss Langdon; Social Dancing Club; Fashion Shows.—Business.



VOLTA, PAT A.

Bronze "A"; Meritorious, Exceptional, Distinguished Service Awards; Bronze P. S. A. L. Pins; Handball, Softball, Basketball Intramurals; Captain of Chemical Squad; Lieutenant of Lunchroom Squad; Biology Squad; Campus Squad; Polo, President of Chemical, President of Newman Clubs.—U. S. Coast Guard.



THWEATT, ROBERT E.

Basketball, Softball, Handball Intramurals; Baseball, Track Teams; P. S. A. L. Pins; Bronze, Silver, Ranger "A"; Lunchroom, Hall Squads; Basketball Club.—U. S. Army.



TORMEY, ROSE B.

Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Mulligan, Miss Dellert, Mr. Middleton; Lunchroom Squad; Class Night Committee; Softball, Volleyball, Newman Clubs.—Business.



TRUSCH, ROSEMARIE C.

Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; First Aid Certificate; All-Round Medals; Bronze P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Mr. Middleton, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Moseley, Mr. Cronin, Mrs. Fyle, Mrs. Walsh, Miss Novotny; Library, Lunchroom Squads; Oil, Sugar Rationing; Newman, Latin, Basketball, Volleyball, Tennis, Softball Clubs. "All-Star" Basketball.—Felt and Tarrant.



VALVO, VINCENT

Second Honors, Bronze "A." P.S. A.L. Pin; Aid to Mr. Scarlatta, Lunchroom Squad.—College.



VOGEL, ANNETTE M.

Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pins; Associate Editor "Campus"; Cap and Gown; Aid to Mr. Von Arx; Lunchroom Squad; Prom Committee.—Business.



WAGENBLAST, MARIE B.

First Aid Certificate; Bronze, Gold P. S. A. L. Pins; Aid to Miss Rioridon; Lunchroom Squad; Junior, Senior Glee Clubs.—Business.



Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds.
—George Eliot.

WAGNER, MILLICENT
Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Aid to Mr. Siegfried, Mr. Patterson, Miss Langdon, Mr. Lambert; Library Squad; Play "The White Phantom"; Softball, Dramatics Clubs.—Pratt Institute.

Milly

WARD, ROBERT S.
Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Landers, Miss Peretti, Newman Latin Clubs.—U. S. Navy.

WEGGLER, IDA A.
First, Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Junior Arista; Aid to Mrs. Mather, Mr. Middleton; Library Squad; Girls' Reserve, Travelers, President Latin Clubs.—Business.

WEISSMAN, MARIE E.
First, Second Honors; Bronze "A"; First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; "Clipper"; Aid to Mr. E. J. Clarke; Volleyball, Spanish Clubs.—Business.

WERNER, IRENE S.
Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A"; First Aid Certificate; P.S.A.L. Pins; Aid to Miss Beck, Miss Riordon; Library, Lunchroom Squads; Hearthstone Club.—Business.

WILCKENS, ROBERT E.
Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Aid to Mr. Scarlatta, Mr. McClellan, Mr. Landers, Mr. Yourman; Hall Patrol; Lunchroom Squad; Basketball, Softball, Football Intramurals; Football Team.—College.



WAGNER, STANLEY
Second Honors; Baseball Intramurals; Dean's Squad; Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Camson.—New York State College of Forestry.

WASSON, MARION A.
Red Cross, Nutrition Certificates; Second Honors; Junior P. S. A. L. Pin; Aid to Mr. Middleton, Mrs. Mather; Girl Reserves, Softball, Vice-President Latin Clubs.—Business.

WIESENTHAL, HELEN L.
Second Honors; Bronze "A"; First Aid Certificates; Aid to Miss Riordon, Miss Armstrong; Play, "Where's Your Christmas Spirit?"; Dramatics, Volleyball, Basketball, Judean Clubs.—Business.

WEITHAS, FLORENCE T.
Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss Smith, Miss Langdon; Victory Corps; Lunchroom Squad; Fashion Show; Softball, Hearthstone Clubs. — Pratt Institute.

WHITESIDE, JOAN E.
P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Fashion Show; Class Night Committee; Aid to Miss Riordon; Lunchroom Squad; Girls' Reserves.—Business.

WILSON, KENNETH
Service Awards; Dean's, Assembly, "Campus," Lunchroom Squads; Aid to Mr. Froehlich; Biology Club.—College.

Log of the Wilsons
and the other

Life is not measured by the time we live.

—Crafile.

WINGATE, ANN A.

Junior, Senior P. S. A. L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Miss Riordon. — Business.



WOZNIAK, WALTER T.

P. S. A. L. Pins; Captain Patrol Squad; "Campus" Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Clemens; Senior Glee Club.—U. S. Marine Corps.



YANOTTI, DOLORES U.

First Aid Certificate; Meritorious Service Award; Minor "A"; Bronze "A"; Chevrons; Second Honors; Attendance Office; Lunchroom Squad; G. O. Council; Aid to Mr. Ray; Softball, Basketball, Volleyball, Dance, Junior Glee Clubs.—Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.



ZINDZIUS, LILLIAN V.

First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss Ryan, Mrs. Mulligan, Miss Riordon, Miss Johnston; Library Squad; Basketball Club.—Business.



ZUCKER, PEARL

Junior Arista; Second Honors; First Aid Certificates; Lunchroom Squad; Program Committee; Fashion Show; Aid to Mr. Witson; Judean, Junior, Senior Glee Clubs.—C. C. N. Y.



WIRSHUP, ELINOR K.

P. S. A. L. Pins; Fashion Show; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Reilly; Lunchroom Squad.—Business.



YAMAGUCHI, YURIKO

Meritorious Service Award; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Gould, Miss Johnston, Mr. Middleton, Mrs. Walsh, Miss Feinberg, Mrs. Mathers; Softball, Leaders Clubs; Girl Reserves.—College.



YOUNG, MIRIAM P.

Junior Arista; Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; First Aid Certificate; P. S. A. L. Pin; Spanish Proficiency Pin; Victory Corps; Monitor Squad; Lunchroom Squad; "Campus" Representative; Section Representative; Aid to Mr. Witson, Mrs. Mather, Dr. Cusak, Mr. Kuhle, Mrs. Austin, Miss DeKernay, Miss Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Gould; Class Night '46, '47; Latin, Pemblec, Square Dancing, Dramatics Clubs.—Smith College.



ZUBER, ANDREW J.

Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; Football Team '46; Major "A"; Queens Champs Football '45; Baseball Team; P. S. A. L. Pins; Newman Club.—Manhattan College.



ZUCKERMAN, PAUL H.

Bronze, Silver "A"; Second Honors; Aid to Mr. Morse, Mr. Mould, Mr. Byers, Mr. Shields; Celebrity, Class Night, Senior Day Committees; '45, '46 Baseball Team; Major "A" Baseball; "All-Queens" '46 Champs; Judean Club.—Syracuse College.



*By the future
Lots of Luck
"Zuckie"*

No Fair

"Hurry, or I'll miss him,
He's just coming down the hall!
Gosh he sure is handsome,
He's so strong and stands so tall!"

"Would you really like to meet him?
He's the nicest boy I know
If I'd known you really liked him
You'd have met him long ago."

"Do you think that you can plan it
So as not to make him wise?
I think he's simply wonderful,
He has the nicest eyes!

His nose is turned up just enough;
See that dimple in his chin?
It's fun to watch him laughing;
He has the cutest little grin!

The first time that I noticed him
Was at the football game;
From the moment that I saw him
I just had to know his name.

We've often passed each other
'Though he never says a word;
I've even fixed my program card
So I can eat the third."

"To tell the truth about it
I feel the same way too;
If it wasn't for my boy friend
I could like him as you do.

I'll tell you how I'll plant it.
Listen, this is what we'll do—
I'll arrange a double date
So he'll go out with you!"

"Golly! What will I say to him?
I'm sure to lose my tongue.
I just know that he won't like me.
He'll probably think I'm dumb."

"Now don't be saying foolish things,
Everything will be all right.
Don't forget the way we've planned it,
It's at eight tomorrow night!"

Dear Reader, don't you worry
About what this tale can mean;
'Twas the biggest love affair I had
When I was seventeen.

Oh, yes, we kept our date that night,
We four had lots of fun;
But I'm right back where I started
'Cause of something that was done.

And even though I like her
I could choke my dearest friend.
She made a switch that night
And got my feller in the end.

Jean Stocker



he man from Walden

"SKY WATER. It needs no fence . . . It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, whose gilding nature continually repairs; no storms, no dust, can dim its surface ever fresh"—Henry David Thoreau.

Thoreau, the Philosopher naturalist wrote these words of his beloved Walden Pond. He, in the main part, was born, lived, wrote, and died in Concord, Mass. Midst the meticulous Concordians Thoreau grew into manhood. His father John Thoreau, the pencil maker, and his mother who stemmed from the Dunbar family were both a constant inspiration to him and his writings.

Through the supreme financial and influential efforts of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thoreau graduated from Harvard. During his college years, he slowly grew from his nebular stage. The metamorphosis of this great man was rapid, but his public recognition came long after his death.

Thoreau loved the Concord farmer, he loved the friendship of children; but above all he loved nature. The Walden Pond shack was not a refuge for a young eccentric, it was rather the workshop for Thoreau's studies. He studied nature in the thorough

manner of the New Englander, he knew the art of observation and the value of complete work. Walden was not a refuge, it was an outpost for his studies of nature and a private editing room for his journals. In truth, Thoreau walked the Concord woods as much as the Indians who had inhabited them before the white man came. He knew Concord, and loved it still more.

Perhaps, if you measure men by their friends, Thoreau is the most qualified exponent of Transcendentalism. Mr. Alcott, Ellery Channing, Sarah Pierpont and Thoreau were a few who formed the nucleus of the New England Transcendental movement. The famed believers in the "Inner Soul," were Thoreau's friends and fellow believers. Even Nathaniel Hawthorne was touched by this movement. John Woolman the N. J. Quaker Transcendentalist said, "transcendentalism is a principle, pure from within and proceeds from God." Jonathan Edwards in describing Sarah Pierpont, the jingoist transcendentalist, called it, (and I paraphrase), "the appreciation of all nature and the complete disregard of worldly riches. It is the purity of Inner Love."

All who met Thoreau were touched

by his greatness. When Horace Greeley, the famed newspaper editor, met Thoreau, he at once recognized his value and in later years acted as a Maecenas to Thoreau's writing. John Brown, the anti-slavery chauvinist impressed Thoreau to the extent that Thoreau wrote a poem about him.

To meet Thoreau was to meet the poet of the fields, the student of the snows; and rivers; and trees; and animals of the Concord woods. To understand Thoreau you understand a great mind, a great writer, and a fine human being. He hated injustice and loathed narrow-mindedness.

Thoreau felt so deeply against slavery that he refused to pay the poll tax (which amounted to about \$1.25) and was incarcerated in the Concord prison along with Alcott (who by the way never got there). It was the principle of, "a government of slaves was not the government of Thoreau." Emerson, who was shocked when he heard of Thoreau's fate, asked him, saying, "Henry why are you in there?" Thoreau promptly replied, "My dear friend Emerson, why are you out there?" The tax was paid and Thoreau left, but he proved his worth as a man who acts on what he believes.

Perhaps, if we could go back and watch him, we may have seen Henry and John, his brother, start off on their trip up the Merrimac and Concord Rivers. They would most likely be clad in corduroys and rustic coats. Henry would be carrying some string, a notebook and a magnifying glass. John would be pushing the oars and watching Henry write his notes. Thoreau felt that friendship, no matter what the cost, was of high value and he and John were true friends. Emerson said, "to have a friend be a friend." Thoreau felt, to make a friend

was to do, study, enjoy and love that friend.

When John Thoreau died of lock-jaw, Henry lost a valuable possession. Henry wrote a poem to John. The following lines, I think, are the essence of feeling and show the quality of Thoreau's work:

"Dost thou still haunt the brink
of yonder rivers tide?

And may I ever think that thou
art by my side?"

Thoreau loved, felt and thought out every event of the day. In his journals he more than portrays his workmanship and thorough manner. In the book, "Walden or Life in the Woods," he writes the philosophy of Thoreau and describes his experiences and loves of nature.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Unitarian Minister, whose "Nature", is so famous, was perhaps one of the only contemporaries of Thoreau that realized Henry's true worth. Henry and Emerson thought a great deal alike and through this quality they met, became friends, and worked mutually on the "Dial", which Emerson published. Emerson knew Thoreau and I think is best qualified to summarize his qualities. I quote Emerson's speech at Thoreau's funeral:

"A truth speaker he, capable of the most deep and strict conversation; a physician to the wounds of any soul; a friend, knowing not only the secret of friendship, but almost worshipped by those few persons who resorted to him as their confessor and prophet, and knew the deep value of his mind and great heart. His soul was for the noblest society, he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."



ap and gown

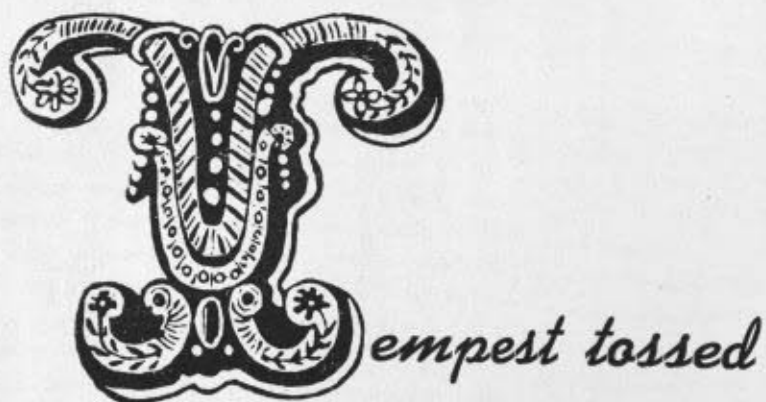
ONCE AGAIN a fresh crop of Seniors are going through the familiar antics, Senior Day, Class Night, the Prom, and all the rest. So many have gone before us, and so many more will continue after we have long faded from sight and mind.

We've done the usual thing during our four (or maybe more) years at Adams, loved the same things as all the others; the things that make up High School. We look back across the years remembering how we shivered through the football games at Dexter Park, and loved it. Or the times we tried to memorize Chemistry formulas between bites of lunch, the G.O. dances, and the Campus in the Spring. I remember how I happened to glance at the trees outside of my Spanish room, my first term at Adams. I couldn't get my eyes off them and through the drone of the conjugation of verbs, (he, has, ha, hamos, hais, han) I saw how beautiful my school was and fell in love with it.

There's a physical beauty to Adams too, one that we all recognize. We've watched our school time and again, don a cloak of snow, and in the Spring we've seen her lawns turn to emerald, and along into April her forsythia bushes appear golden, in May, the azaleas in the front burst into scarlet flames. We've seen her, serene, free from all the fever of the day, in the moonlight on the way home from a night basketball game.

As I look back, I think of the wonderful times I had while working on my beloved Clipper, and all the nutty but nice people I met in the Pubs Office. Our motto is "Once you enter this office, you will never be the same," and you can take it from me it's true. I've gotten a crazy attachment for the Clipper as I guess each of us has become attached to some phase of school life whether it be the orchestra, the Campus, the football team or anything else.

When we add all these things up, we come to one conclusion, we think Adams is a pretty swell place that will always hold a warm spot, you-know-where.



THE SEA pounded down upon the rocks below the cliff. Its roar seemed louder and louder each time it flung itself in a raging fury against the high wall of stone which had continually held its place in the battle for supremacy. To some, this somewhat terrifying and ruthless scene seems

beautiful. Time and again, artists have tried to capture its ferocity on the canvas. To Ellen Winston, it meant only tragedy.

She stood at the top of the cliff and went back through the years to an afternoon some ten years past. On that day the sea had been calm and

gentle, and for this reason, Ellen, her husband Jim, and their little boy Dickie, had gone for a sail in their new catboat.

Dicky was up in the front of the boat, taking no pains to conceal the pride he felt in being allowed to steer the craft all by himself. Jim was sitting down near him, getting the fishing tackle ready. Even the sun which shined down on their tanned faces seemed to reflect and radiate their gay mood. And Ellen, looking at father and son who so closely resembled one another, loved them more dearly than ever.

Then, all of a sudden, the sky had darkened, and the sea, like a spiteful, two-faced Janus rose up in large waves. Waves that seemed like great, looming giants, seeking momentarily to pounce upon their prey.

The little boat was tossed about unmercifully in the raging inferno. Not even the skillful guiding of Jim could keep it on its course. And then, they saw that they were heading for the treacherous rocks, so numerous on the New England coast. In vain, Jim tried to turn it away.

"We'll have to jump," he shouted. "I'll take care of Dicky, don't worry. Hurry. We're getting closer to the rocks."

Ellen slid over the side of the boat. She tried to swim, but it was useless. She went under and came up again gasping for air, only to be swept down once more by the terrific impact of the plunging water. Her ears were deafened by the buzzing sounds that filled them, and her one thought was to get to the top so she could breathe more freely. Her strength was rapidly failing.

How she got on the beach, Ellen never knew. Perhaps she was spared

so that she would be taunted all her life, by the memory that the sea had claimed those who were dearest to her. When she regained consciousness, all she realized was that her husband and child were lost to her forever.

She was taken to a hospital where she was treated for shock and minor injuries. At first they feared that her mind would snap. Her recovery was slow, for Ellen lacked the one thing that would help her more than anything else, the will to live. For her, life would never be the same again. It could never be the happy, carefree thing that it had been before. But gradually the shock wore off and was replaced by a dull, aching pain tugging at her heart.

She was released from the hospital when medical aid could no longer help her. She went to work, only a shadow of her former self, her spirit broken and dejected. She was quiet and shut up inside of herself. All the love and tenderness she had lavished up on her little family was securely locked within her. She was even so used to the painful memories that she accepted them as her daily way of life. She had aged too. The auburn hair was streaked with grey and her eyes, the beautiful blue eyes that Jim had loved so much were dull and lifeless.

Why she came to this spot which held such sadness and bitterness for her, she did not know. Then the thought came to her, and she knew what she must do.

The fisherman who had looked up and saw her before, looked up and saw her no more. The sea had claimed the last of the Winstons, and in triumph, continued to fling itself in a raging fury against the rocks.

Life

What is life?

*Is it the break of morn upon each new day?
Or the fall of eve when the closing shadows call?
Is it the sun that comes up across the bay,
Or the harvest moon that is known by all?*

*Is it the sound of water rushing over rocks?
Or the dreary farmhouse that stands all alone?
Is it the green or the bare trees on all of the blocks,
Or the bitter cold wind with its strange and weird moans?
Is it the love in a home, where both young and old
Are such wonderful friends that no one could part?
Or the story of "Cinderella" that all children are told
And the daily beggar pushing his frail looking cart?*

Life is all of these with many more added:

*It is a child's laughter at the sight of his Christmas tree,
And the exclamations he makes as he discovers his gifts;
It is the quiet youngster who loves to sit on grand dad's knee,
And the outdoor children who are gay and full of noise.
It is the glisten of snow on the top of the mountain,
And the sunshine that glows in the valley below;
It is the gladness of spring with its flowers again,
And the blue birds and sparrows and the robin and the crow.*

*It is the dog and the cat and many other pets we love,
And all the family's socks that mother has darned;
It is the clouds that drift in the blue heaven above,
And the floating swan that lives in the pond.
It is the colorful sailboats that glide o'er the wave,
And the palm trees and white sand that are seen in the tropics;
It is the want of a rainbow that all men crave,
And the daily newspaper with its many new topics.*

*It is the farmer's harvest that comes 'round every year,
And the fields that have grown full of wheat and tares;
It is the hunter with his gun looking for a deer,
Or even a few ducks, or turkeys, or bears.*

*Life has many wonders which are for us to enjoy,
And they are given to us when God sees fit;
They are for our pleasure, both boy and girl,
And we always get out of life what we put into it.*

Joan Schnoor



elow decks

WELL MATES, once again our "Clipper" has docked, and marks the end of another term. Right here in the Pub's Office it marks the end of quite a number of things.

As you all know, our esteemed editor Pat is leaving. It marks the end of five terms of faithful service to the "Clipper" and many a headache when there wasn't enough material to cover every page or the last minute stories to be proof-read and titled. Pat says so-long to all this, but certainly not good-bye, for she hasn't regretted one minute of it.

Also leaving the coziness and friendliness of the office is Mary Egan, who now knows how to alphabetize correctly; Helen Heidstra, sitting at the typewriter, typing by the "Hunt and Peck" system; Lorraine Druben, who can find any number in the phone book in a matter of seconds; also "yours truly," who could cry at the thought of leaving such a swell "gang" behind.

In my column this issue, I'd like to say "Thanks and so-long" to a few girls and fellows on the Art Staff whom I know personally. Among them being Rose Ferrandino, a swell girl; Phil Fusco, a wonderful guy with a knack for drawing; and last Sal LiPuma, the fellow who thought of and created the Celebrity Page. I'd also like to thank Mr. Steed for his many ideas and contributions that made our "Mag" the very best.

Charlie Carter as usual is busy cleaning up last minute details hoping to meet the very latest deadline.

All of these people plus Phyllis Osgyani, Bob Liebman, Madeline Cavoli, Dolores Canosa, and many others comprise the "Clipper" Staff and Aids and have always done a wonderful job.

I've saved my last few words for a brief but hearty "Thanks" to "Uncle Ed." He is, indirectly, the instigator of such a fine magazine. To "Uncle Ed" I say "Thanks for a wonderful time, a wonderful magazine, and for doing so many wonderful things."



inter wonderland

IT WAS a cold, crisp day in December. Everything was glistening with a satiny white covering of snow and as I walked along the road I became conscious of the beauty of nature in all the splendor of winter.

The sun rode high above me in a cloudy blue sky, the billowy clouds in seeming competition with the fluffy blanket below it. On either side of me the trees that had but recently been decorated in the bright costume of autumn stood in their white finery with diamonds sparkling here and there as the sun struck them.

On a nearby hill a group of small children were gathering cones and evergreen boughs in anticipation of the Christmas Holidays that were near at hand. The brilliant blues, greens, and reds of their gay apparel added color to the glistening white scene. Further on, the laughter of ice-skaters greeted my ears. The small pond that had rippled and chuckled as it went merrily on its way during the warm months was enclosed in a case of gleaming ice. The tinkling of sleigh-bells could be heard as some farmer returned to a glowing fire-side after completing some errand in town.

A cotton-tail scurried across my path and disappeared in the white maze. A deer stood, poised for flight, among the trees, listening for hostile sounds and then reassured continued stripping the bark from a tree and gave it to a young fawn that had been unnoticed by me until then.

Snowmen that had been built by tots in the afternoon and then deserted as little sleepy heads sought the land of winkin', blinkin', and nod stood watch in the quiet dusk until their creators should return.

The evening star looked down upon this tranquil scene, and as I turned in at my gate and looked back once more at the peaceful landscape, the stars had come out in all their glory and the moon was beginning its sail through the dark, twinkling sky while on earth Mother Nature tucked her children under their blanket of virgin snow.



nd they danced

THE PARKER family was just like any other typical American family, only more so. There was Mom and Dad Parker, Frank, Joe, Bob, and Dolores Parker, not to mention their three puppies, two canaries, and Tippy the cat. This is why the Parkers were typically American, only more so. Their small but comfortable white house seemed to rock and bulge with the goings-on-inside.

Dolores was graduating from high school, but you'd think that the whole family was, too. Frank, who was her brilliant older brother, insisted on giving her a few pointers in History, while Joe and Bob pestered her to let them help too. Mom was busy making her dress, while Dad was handing out the money.

Dolores was a small girl, with long black hair, and the darkest, sparkling eyes you've ever seen. Mrs. Parker often looked at her daughter and with a shake of her head, smile and say:

"Stay that way Dolores, and you'll always find happiness."

Dolores was just like any other teen-ager, she had a boyfriend. As a matter of fact, she had so many fellows hanging around, that her father often said that the living-room looked more like a induction center than anything else. But, out of the whole group, she had one favorite. This lucky fellow was Theodore Egbert Wheeler, but his friends called him Ted if they wanted to stay healthy. He was a tall six footer, with light brown curly hair, and dark brown eyes that shown of friendliness. He was just as fiery as Dolores though, and that's where all the trouble came in.

After standing in front of the mirror, fussing with her hair, and trying to get her lipstick on just right, Dolores was ready to go to the school sport hop with Ted. She knew that she looked smart in her blue suit and beruffled blouse. She knew too, that Ted would noice it. A little dab of perfume behind her ears,

and she stood ready, and waiting, looking pretty as a picture.

She gathered up her things and skipped lightly down the stairs, to wait for her tardy date. He'll probably have a good excuse, she thought to herself. After she had read the paper, and had made a series of trips to the window to peak from behind the curtain, Ted finally arrived, forty-five minutes late.

"Why Ted, how nice of you to come."

"Oh, I'm sorry Dolores, I was delayed."

Dolores made up her mind that Ted wouldn't get off so easily, and proceeded to make him mighty uncomfortable with her continued silence all the way to the dance.

They climbed the steps to the Gym and were greeted by the loud strains of the swing band. Hundreds of people their own age were busy jumping in rhythm to the beat of the music. A few stopped to exchange hello's with the two late arrivals. Before Ted could realize it, Dolores had been whisked away by Dick Cummings, the school's star athlete, and that's just what happened all night long. Of course, Dolores danced occasionally with Ted and acted as polite as could be on these few occasions, but Ted was very much baffled by her actions. The band was playing their last number for the evening, and somehow Dolores managed to find her way back to her escort. On the way, things came to a head, and Dolores and Ted had a heated argument. They parted that night, bitter enemies.

How silly this all seemed to Dolores as she swirled around the dance floor in the arms of Ted Wheeler. The soft music made it just perfect for her to think back over the months. Time had

passed so quickly. Only a few weeks ago, the Senior Prom seemed so far away, but here she was at the Prom and her heart was filled to overflowing with happiness. As she stole a glance at Ted, she was glad that their argument hadn't come between them.

A smile crossed her lips when she remembered the reflection of herself in the mirror tonight. She looked so sweet in her pink gown with delicately laced ruffles.

She glanced around the room at the beautiful ferns, and the flowers that smelled so fresh and fragrant.

Of course, there were a few heart-aches, and a few scrapes to get out of, but she had always managed to come through and still retain the friendship of her teachers.

The music stopped, and Dolores was brought back from her dreams by Ted.

"The band is swell, isn't it Dolores?"

"It's perfect," she replied.

The next number was a Lindy, and the whole floor shook to the rhythm of dancing feet.

Before anyone could realize it, the band was playing the music for the grand march. Around and around the room went hundreds of people, their feet in step with the music. Teachers and pupils alike participated, and after awhile, the music ceased and the feet stood still. This was the end of another Senior Prom. Two by two, the young people proceeded to leave the prom to find dancing elsewhere. Goodbyes were said, and friends parted. Ted and Dolores went out hand in hand, ready to face the world, and ready to spend the rest of the night, dancing and laughing together.

A — D — A — M — S

YEA TEAM





THREE LONG knocks and two short ones break the silence of a calm, cold December night. Within the small, dilapidated cellar, the shuffling of feet and the muffled murmuring of voices are heard. Inside, in one corner are some chairs around an elongated rectangular shaped table. Above the table is a dim bulb barely giving off enough light to illuminate one corner of the cellar. At the other end is some wrecked furniture covered with dust and cob-webs. In another corner some boys are talking quietly. At last the same pattern of knocks is heard. Someone opens the door to admit another boy, then the door is locked. The boys take seats around the table. The weekly meeting of the Fourth Street Boys Club has just begun.

Ira Johnson

AS PEG sat by the window she saw the sparkling flakes of snow falling all around. All sorts of wonderful thoughts ran through her head. The only thing that kept her from getting out there in the wonders of winter was the fact that she had to stay indoors until her sore leg healed.

Her eager eyes were wide. They tried to absorb every flake and where it landed. Down in the corner of the yard she saw a miniature frozen pool shining brightly as if it were a mirror. What a wonderful ride she would have on that mirror-like pool if only she could get out. Out, where the snow would drop gently upon her, where she could listen to the sound of the snow crunching under her feet, where she could run and jump, and dodge snow balls which would come from all directions.

From the other end of the room she heard her name called, Peg—Peg—where are you? She then heard Tim say, "Jeepers, I'm sorry that you couldn't come out 'cause it's the kind of weather we always have a super time in. But if you stay in today, tomorrow you'll be able to come out and we'll really have some fun, so be a good pup and come on over with me by the fireplace until I get warm and I'll tell you just what I did outside today."

Lorraine Druben

THE DARK velvety cushions are quite worn and the springs protrude unmercifully. The back of the old easy chair is almost in shreds from years of use. Even as it stands deserted in the weed-strewn lot, it retains an unbelievably majestic significance, a symbol of peace, where it seems anyone could find temporary consolation.

Loretta Pietrolonardo

THE DOOR was tightly closed, shutting out the bleak cold of the snow-covered countryside. The crystal-like flakes swirled lazily downward; some of them stopping to rest on the frosty window pane, and trying to hear the "symphony" coming from the big, clean kitchen. The boiling kettle was piping its merry tune to the accompaniment of the blazing fire's happy crackles. Then, to complete the melody, a chubby kitten curled up on the hearth hummed a steady, throbbing rhythm. This was the age-old music of "Home".

Phyllis Osgyani

THE CLICK, click, clicking of a typewriter; a table cluttered with papers, sickly sweet smell of paste, low voices an occasional guffaw of laughter,—then a piercing bell, the shuffle of tired but contented feet—then, silence, as the Publication's Office once more closes its door on another day of work.

Helene Goldstein

THE OLD car was battered and bent. The exhaust smoked and the cap steamed. It chugged through the street like a little old lady, late on her way to Sunday meeting.

Audrey Arnold

THE WINDING dirt path ran a long way before reaching the old, decrepit house with the slanting roof. The sky overhead, was a deep purple, and the clouds disappeared from view as night began to fall. A cool, whistling wind blew the warped shutters back and forth. Too many years of existence shown on the once white paint that covered the house. Far in the distance, a storm could be seen. It was coming closer and closer. A low rumble shook the earth, followed by a loud blast that shattered the still night. The shutters were swinging crazily now, back and forth, back and forth. The steady downbeat of rain, and streaks of lightning gave the house a ghost-like appearance, as lightning struck, crumbling the house into nothing. Silence reigned once more.

Mary Egan

EVERYTHING WAS still in the fire-light glow. Two little pale blue stars peered quizzically from a cloud of softest black. A low rumble filled the air as the purring kitten curled up and fell asleep.

Gwendolyn Rees





THE RAIN beat down upon the car as it nosed its way along the country road. Inside, Mrs. Lenfell wiped away tears which insisted on running down her cheeks. She glanced nervously at her husband, who was straining his eyes to see through the sheets of rain. Noticing the grim lines on his face she knew that he was very angry.

They had gone to a movie in the neighboring town, thinking to break the dull monotony that had settled upon them during the last few months. It was a funny picture, but Mrs. Lenfell was restless, searching her mind for something—something she had tried not to think about for

a long time. Then suddenly she paled, and gripping her husband's arm she gasped, "Jim's home."

At first, Mr. Lenfell had told her she was being silly, and had tried to calm her. However, she insisted upon going home, and at length her husband gave in.

Now here they were, riding through the rainstorm, on their way home. Mrs. Lenfell kept hearing her son's voice saying, "Come home, mother, I'm back for good." Then her mind travelled back to December 7th, 1941. They had heard the news of the Pearl Harbor attack together, and in a flash Jim had said, "I'm going to enlist." His father, his quick temper

rising, had snapped, "We'll see about that." The quarrel which ensued was short and heated. Jim was only seventeen then but he was determined, and finally packed his belongings and walked out. Somehow he managed to enlist in spite of his age and that was the last they had heard of him.

Mr. Lenfell tried not to think of the past as he sat at the steering wheel. But soon his thoughts too, turned to Jim. Suppose he had come back after all these years. It would be fine to see him again. His father realized now that he had been hard on the boy. He remembered when he was young, and how eager he had been to get into the last war. The trouble with him was that he had too much pride. This very pride had prevented him from giving his consent to Jim and allowing him to enlist. He resolved to make up for it, if ever he saw his son again.

Could it possibly be true that he HAD come home after all these years? This thought ran wildly through the minds of both parents. Mrs. Lenfell brushed away the tears from her hot face, trembling with excitement and fear. She turned to her husband and said, "Don't be angry, dear, but can't you hurry. Jim IS home waiting for us."

Mr. Lenfell set his mouth in a grim line and did as his wife bid. Suddenly, as they rounded a bend in the road the accident happened. The roads were very wet, the car skidded and then without warning toppled over into a ditch at the side of the road. A deathly silence followed, broken only by the unmerciful rain beating down.

* * *

Jim Lenfell sat on the porch seat

whistling through his teeth. He hoped his mother and father would get back soon. He guessed they'd only gone to the movies. He wondered what they would say when they saw him. After all it had been four, no five years. Dad had been right, back in '41. He had been too young. Well, all that was passed now, and he meant to make up for it. He'd go back to high school, yes, and then on to college too. He'd make his parents proud of him yet. If they would only hurry up. His eyes fell on the small trim lawn, and a thoughtful smile played on his lips. It didn't seem so long ago that he and Dad had fixed up the garden. Funny he should think about that now. It had been one of the few good times he had had with his father.

Mother was different. They had always been good pals. He remembered the time when they had made up a new cake recipe. Boy! that was some cake. They finally gave it to the dog!

A sharp sound penetrated his thoughts—the telephone was ringing. At first Jim took no notice, but it kept on with an urgent note. It began to worry him so he decided he must answer it. Picking up a stone Jim made his way to the side of the house and quickly smashed the cellar window. He carefully lowered himself into the cellar. It took a matter of seconds to run up the cellar stairs, and to reach the telephone. Jim heard a voice inquire anxiously. "Is this the Lenfell residence?" Being assured that it was, the voice continued, "I regret to tell you, but I'm afraid the Lenfell's have met with a tragic accident—both fatally injured."

Slowly the receiver fell from Jim's hand as he gazed blankly into space.



FALL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE QUEENS' CHAMPIONS

Andy Zuber and Don Williams' aggressiveness against St. John's . . .

Joe Ryan's seventy-three yard gallop against Xavier . . .

John O'Grady and John Dolce's spirit despite disheartening injuries . . .

Joe Ryan's five touchdowns and one extra point against the supposedly 'to be feared' McKee . . .

Art Torelles, John Godfrey, Ed O'Hare, Henry Gregoretti and Jim Lambert's fine supporting roles all season . . .

Phil Koenig's blocks on our opponents six-footers . . .

Joe Ryan and Pete (Toe) Roceretto's ground gaining and scoring against St. Francis, Ryan's eighteen points and Roceretto's field goal . . .

John Vaillant and Tony Lembo's admirable work in the Far Rockaway episode . . .

Mr. Piatti's baton literally 'going mad' at the McKee and St. Francis games, due to eleven touchdowns . . . "Whispering" Joe Scarlata's voice booming at the stands . . .

BASKETBALL

Phil Reeve's excellent floor play . . . Lou Tuffano's trick shots . . . Harvey

Robbin's command of the boards . . . Dick Shuttner's aggressiveness . . . Ed Richards' lethal set . . . Durante Rizzuto, Red Lipari, Bob Tweet and Joe Monaco's dependability . . .

SWIMMING

George Hoffman's diving . . . Bob Schneider's free style swimming . . . Steve Byrnes, Charlie Henninger, Herb Sauer and Billy Grant, important point gainers.

TRIBUTE

The members of the Clipper Office praise Mr. V. J. Shields whose competent handling of the financial situation makes sports in John Adams a worthwhile, as well as a possible affair.

*STATISTICS

ADAMS	FOE
53.....	Passes Attempted 53
17.....	Passes Completed 11
50.....	First Downs 35
280.....	Penalties 110
141.....	Points 56

**INDIVIDUAL SCORES

Ryan	61	Monaco	12
Roceretto	24	Godfrey	8
O'Grady	12	Torelles	6
Dolce	12	Zollo	6

Congratulations Joe Ryan, upon being the recipient of the Lou Gehrig Memorial Trophy as well as receiving a second string birth on the All-Scholastic Eleven. Don Williams, Ray McIlvain and Pete Roceretto received honorable mention.



intype days

THE SKY became very gray and the white massive clouds, that resembled cotton bolls, drifted lazily over the sun, hiding it from view. It was Saturday afternoon, and this sudden change in weather, meant that the Holliday twins would just have to remain at home. Kenny and Janet, both resembling their father in looks, were endowed with a crop of blazing red curly hair. In four more months they would reach the adolescent age of 13.

Marion Holliday, their mother, knew what it meant to have the two explorers at home. They would search into every nook-and-cranny in order to find something new to do, or to hold their interest for awhile. She heaved a sigh of impatience, as she went about preparing an apple pie for Sunday's dinner. Ronald Holliday, their "pop," enjoyed home-made pies.

The dismal weather always made

Granny Baxter, Mrs. Holliday's mother, a little weary and tired so she decided to take a nap. She had reached the grand old age of 81 and still was very spry around the house. Her husband, John, was glancing over a seed catalog for the new spring crops and summer flowers, which enhanced the grounds in the rear of their home.

Among the many books Kenny had on his shelf, which he shared with Janet he always favored reading "Treasure Island," and often became one of the bold sea-faring pirates hunting for the great treasure. They both agreed that they would use the attic as their base of operations in search of the lost booty.

They rummaged through old Christmas boxes, trunks and miscellaneous articles. Then Janet came upon an old photo-album covered with figured velvet. She remarked to Ken, "Oh,

wouldn't it be fun if we could get Grandma and Grandpa to reminisce about bygone years?" Down the two flights of steps they leaped. Kenny took the short way down the bannister, and went shooting across the room waking Mrs. Baxter up from a peaceful sleep.

"Hey Granny," Kenny cried enthusiastically, "we found this old picture album up in the attic and we would like you and Gramps to fill in the years. Maybe they would interest Mom too!"

Mrs. Holliday had just put the finishing touches to the pie and set it in the oven. She decided this would be a good time to finish knitting Janet's ice skating sweater, so she seated herself next to her mother on the comfortable couch. Jan yelled to Grandpa Baxter, and they were all settled now, to go back sixty years or so, when grandma was a young miss of twenty-one, and grandpa became the gay, young blade doing a mighty bit of courtin'.

Granny fingered the pages with a faint smile, as she thought of her youth, when the bicycle built for two was the only means of transportation, and a young girl without a chaperone was classed as being very forward. She remembered how strict her parents were about the different boys she invited to the home. They had to

have their hair slicked neatly, their suit pressed, and always, a pleasing manner. She stopped for a minute at one picture in particular and said sweetly to her husband, "Remember the church picnic? It seems such a short while ago that I was preparing a box lunch and not forgetting to bring an extra cut of marshmallow topped layer, that you always enjoyed. It didn't take me long to get into my purple flowered gingham, with the big bow in the back, which you admired so much, and then I propped my flowered sun bonnet on top of my upswept hair and gaily ran out to meet you?"

And Grandpa answered, "I recollect that was the time when that Wickson boy had the nerve to ask you to go walkin' with him!" Grandma winked saucily and said, "He was handy to make you jealous." Gramps' retort was, "Ah yes, just like Mabel." "Oh that hussy, she had a lot of gaul flirting with my intended husband," was the reply from Grandma. The youngsters giggled at this repartee.

On the next worn black page, the caption read, "Taken at Coney Island, July 18, 1887," made Granny chuckle. The "Jolly Boys" quartet, which was a rage in those days, were singing, "East Side, West Side," "Daisy," and a few others like "Two Little Girls in Blue." People were walking along the shore getting a breath of fresh air, and chewing salt water taffy. Crowds filled "Feltman's." Then there were the many rides. The writing below the picture said, "Mary on the merry-go-round for the first time." "Ah yes," Gramp said, "those were the days when the people really had a good time."

"How about showing the kids, the pose taken after we were married,"



Grandpa said laughingly. Grandma finally found it and remarked, "My, it certainly is odd how customs change." Grandpa was sitting on the ebony antique chair, with his legs crossed, and his right hand clutching his gold watch chain. The picture looked as though he was ready for a fight because of his stern face. His mustache resembled that of Jerry Colona. Grandma was standing next to him, wearing her best satin finery. Her tight waisted bodice was ornamented with a bow at the neckline. The skirt, which touched the floor, had quite a huge bustle. Her hand leaned on Grandpa's shoulder. A picture of this type decorated the living room wall in almost every home.

Then Grandma came to a snapshot of mother when she was seven. This brought a gleam of pleasant memory to Mrs. Holliday's eyes, then she remarked jovially, "These are the years that I enjoyed." She took the album and turned the pages. "Here is a picture taken at your age. I was then in the graduating class of 1911, and your father was beginning to notice and annoy me. He once dipped my blonde hair into the inkwell behind me. Your father was a leader in all sorts of pranks. And this is one of your dad at twenty, leaning on a NO TRESPASSING sign at the beach. It just makes me think how handsome and strong I thought he was, posing there in his bathing trunks." She skipped over a few pictures and then started to nod her head.

"This brings back to mind our trip to Luray Caves during my vacation. Your father and I, still single, with two married couples to chaperon us, made this adventurous tour. Uncle Teddy's car, a late model 'Star,' and our friend Andy with an eight year



old Ford teamed up this caravan. Besides having quite a few flats, we ran into a detour and became lost in the Shenandoah Valley. After sleeping in the cars that night and being frightened by the howls of wild animals, dawn finally came, and we were quite bedraggled, as these snapshots will testify."

After that picture, Mrs. Holliday skipped over several pages containing many amusing happenings and paused at the picture of Ken and Janet taking their first baby steps. Janet laughed and said, "Don't tell me that pudgy little baby was me?"

This group of pictures were the final entries in that old velvet album, which brought back such pleasant thoughts to the entire family, and was an afternoon well spent.

Father's footsteps on the front porch gave mother a start, as she remembered the favorite pie still baking in the oven. Mom groaned, "Oh my pie." But Grandpa had saved the day, as he still had that boyhood habit of peeking into the oven.

It seems quite inconceivable that a grandma who says, "Ken, don't do this," and a mother who says, "Janet, don't do that," could have had so many escapades of their own.

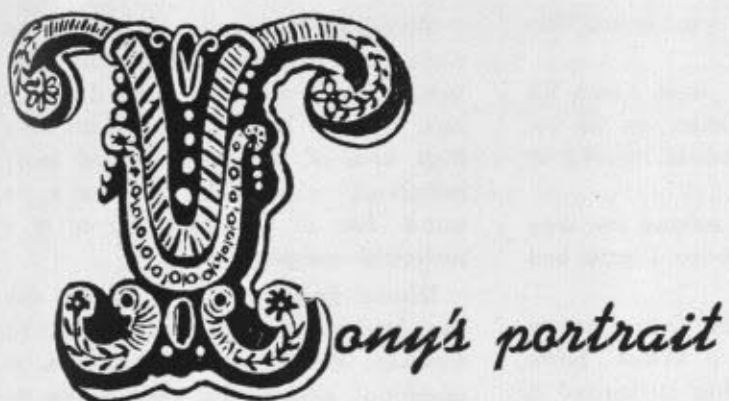


amera bugs only

SINCE THE days and nights have been on the cold side lately, and we don't want to freeze any shutters, let's talk "darkroom," the big mystery department of Photography. Most beginners in pitcher-takin' listen to a few darkroom "pro's" talking about D-52, Microdol and Chromium Intensifiers, and soon shake their heads in wonderment, and no wonder, too. After reading and finding out that D-52 is a developer and not a new bomber and Chromium Intensifier not a car polish, the usual step is to go down to the Photography store and buy a few packs of Universal developer and a quart of Hypo, return home and start work, behind closed doors, as though inventing some new scientific formula.

You can use small 4x6-inch trays to do your roll film and contact prints in, but once you start "blowing up" those salon prints of yours into 8x10, adn 11x14-inch winners, your trays have to stretch a little bigger, and you'll be mixing more developer to help cover the larger print area, so think this darkroom business over for a few moments before diving into it. Once you have established your site for the lab, either in the basement or the attic, or perhaps be lucky, like myself, and get an extra room in the house with running water and a door with a lock on it, prepare to hibernate in that cozy little room to turn out some swell shots, while the wind and snow swirl around the house. When planning the layout of the room, don't fail to leave space for later additions such as a bigger and better enlarger to make bigger and better enlargements or a little corner drawer for an ever increasing negative file. Have a place for everything and place working equipment within arm's reach to prevent that inconvenient grope for the print tongs or package of contact paper at the other end of the working sink.

Hang a little sign on the door, (if the lock doesn't work) cautioning curious relatives not to enter, and keep those Fine-grain developers and Sepia Toners away from little Jimmie, by storing them out of his reach, and you'll be all set to show your mother and father some so-called waste of money.



DIANA WEST trudged wearily up the stairs to her room. Her huge portfolio pressed deeply into her arm-pit, as she hugged it close to her side. She thrust her key in the latch and with fumbling fingers, turned the knob. The door swung open revealing a small studio. The last dim rays of sun came through the sky-light and followed their slanted path to an easel in the center of the room. The canvas was empty just as Diana's heart. It wasn't only this one evening but it had become a succession of days until the girl could no longer keep a tally. Her art teachers at the academy had commended her work, yet, here in the city, she remained unrecognized. Day after day, she traveled to agencies and publishing houses, submitting her name to aloof secretaries,

who regarded her folio with a wince of exasperation. She was regarded as just another would-be artist, who didn't know when it was time to give up and go home to raise a family.

She threw herself across the pillow laden cot and gazed up toward the starry view. Such a sight was beautiful to her, though try as she did, her sensitive fingers could not find it in their power to capture the magic of the night. The regal darkness yearned for a place on a canvas. It appalled her to think that the greatest beauties lay before her, yet, she wasn't able to reproduce them for others.

Diana was startled by a piping voice echoing through the bare studio.

"What's in the book, ma'am?"

There in the doorway stood a small boy of about six, she judged.

She snapped on the faint lamp and spent a moment in discernment.

"What's in the book, ma'am?" he repeated.

His silhouette molded into features with the hazy light. His puerile appearance was accented by a curly, jet mass of hair and sparkling, black eyes. It was his eyes that held her. They were dancing merrily with all of youth's mischievousness.

"Why, what book do you mean little boy?"

He frowned at that and fixed his glance upon the portfolio, as he replied, "Your picture book, what's in it ma'am?"

By this time he had edged his way across to the couch where Diana had seated herself.

Why, he thought her folio was a child's picture book. What harm would it do to satisfy his curiosity? It might be fun.

The next few hours passed swiftly. Diana immediately was fond of the boy. They talked and she soon found that he was quite intelligent for his age. He laughed frequently too, and in him Diana realized she was gaining a new confidence in herself. It was invigorating, for through him she seemed to drop the years of fatigue and despair. Once again she was a child. She was looking at the world from a different seat now. She wasn't in the front row seeing the actors with their grotesque make-up as they really were. Instead she was to the rear and the glimpses of the drama were those of a child's fanciful fairy lands.

Then a voice called from below.

Tony! Bambino! Come to bed!

He left, but not until he had Diana's promise that he might come again.

Alone Diana smiled at her reflection. She suddenly looked different for no apparent reason.

Tony visited daily and soon the artist was making charcoal sketches of him. In her spare moments, she worked on the canvas. There Tony's Armenian features were slowly conceived. His twinkling black eyes met her each evening as she entered the studio.

She had left copies of her work at numerous agencies and felt that something would develop. And it did, for one day in late autumn, word came that one of her sketches and finally received recognition. It was to be used for a Christmas cover of a national magazine.

Diana finished Tony's portrait with the intentions of presenting it to his mother. But, it was the first draft, the charcoal sketch, that had drawn the attention of the publishers. The curly hair, the laughing eyes and broad smile had made the impression, not the poor imitations of nature. It would remind thousands of readers of a little boy in their own home with that same mischievous grin. This was real —It was good.

Diana was happy when she discovered her mistake. She had used her talents on landscapes and other picturesque scenes, but, these were dull and trite. Tony's portrait was different. Here was a person she knew and understood. The picture contained many personal effects, each one entered with a loving touch. Tony had as many actual qualities on canvas as in flesh. Yes, Tony was real. He had more life in him than any daub of landscape she had produced.

Beauty was precious, but Tony was genuine.

Ballet

*Light toes touching the grass soft floor,
Dipping in swan like fashion they soar like
birds of grace and feminine loveliness,
Ballet, brightness, burning lights, fairy music,
Music plays, they dance catlike, a tip-toe on velvet.
Soft ballet, babbling, bounding, beautiful.*

Robert Liebman



Hope Springs Eternal

*Just a little old room, my room by the sea
It's dusty and dark and grim
But here's where I sit day after day
Watching for her from within.
My body is weak, but my heart is still strong
What is strength, when your heart's full of hope?
"She'll come back," "She'll come back"
For each phrase, in the darkness I grope.
Each wave, as it breaks, tells a story untold
To the rocks on the shore where they dash.
If I am called, my spirit shall remain
Till my ship sails safely home again.*

Patricia Dalton



THE COLD February morn was a perfect one for the first day of school. The crispness of it was invigorating and eleven-year-old Leslie Coles marched on toward a new grade in grammar school. This blond-haired, brown-eyed boy was exceptionally early because his grandfather, who had in the last week, come to live with him; after an accident which had orphaned the child; was taking no chances. The grandparent bundled the boy off early so that he would surely start off the new term correctly.

Reaching the school before everyone else Leslie decided to go in and get accustomed to his new classroom. He entered and chose the last seat in the second row. The familiar, "Teachers are meanies," "K.L. loves M.J.," and "In memoriam for those who

passed away, waiting for the bell," were scattered at all sorts of angles on the surface of the desk. Down in the lower left hand corner, printed in a straight, even hand, was what seemed to have been a dedication written many years ago, having been shellacked over, the carving as preserved. It read:

To Lydia:

This February 14th of 1895 I am yours, for

Always,

Laurie

In his wandering imagination, Leslie tried to picture what this Lydia and Laurie might possibly have looked like. Who they were, and under what circumstances this was written. He imagined a little girl in a blue ging-

ham dress walking up the aisle and sitting down to see someone had done some fresh carving on her desk. A shy smile reached her lips as she read the words, and then a slight turn of the head made her eyes meet the anxious man's in the first row, last seat. The communion of the young faces, hers with eyes so blue, and his shining brown seemed to bring a feeling of warmth. Leslie wondered, again, if they ever did, in later years, fulfill the promise that this sentimental line had incurred.

The time had passed quickly and soon the classroom began to fill with the cheerful, rosy young faces coming from outdoors to start a new term too. Behind each one of these little minds was the question, "What's our teacher going to be like?" Finally, footsteps were heard in the outer hall and the class immediately quieted down. The teacher had arrived. She moved softly in through the door and placed in the slot provided, a card indicating her name and the grade of the school, on it. She was by no means a young woman, at least near sixty, one of the kind that a school couldn't possibly do without because of the way in which she handled the young boys and girls. She passed out small sheets of paper for the pupils to place their names and addresses on. Then, as if drawn to the spot, or as by a habit, which was acquired from term after term of looking, her warm blue eyes wandered over to the first row, last seat, which was unoccupied, then just as quickly to the row directly next to it where Leslie Coles sat, his blond head bent slightly over his paper. He looked up and caught Miss Cunningham's gaze on him, he smiled, and the woman's face seemed to give a slight sign of astonishment, but dis-

appeared as quickly as it came. She then continued to conduct the class in a usual manner.

At the end of the day, when the class was dismissed, Miss Cunningham had completely won the hearts of all, as she usually did, which formed the reason why she was an indispensable feature of the school. Leslie was among the last to go. Walking gayly out of the door, he glanced up on to the plaque which the teacher had placed there. It said, Miss Lydia Cunningham, Grade 6B. Then Leslie was off to his grandfather to report how he was sure to have a very enjoyable term.

Before Leslie reached home it had started to snow heavily and the flakes formed a downy blanket on the earth around. As he entered the house he ran to the parlor where his grandad was sitting before the warm crackling fire, reading. He asked the boy to come over and relate the happenings of the day. At a glance the resemblance between the two faces was striking. One so young and full of life and the other, kindly and worn with age. Their eyes, especially, having the same look of quality about them. Some day Leslie would be a handsome man, as now was shown in the older generation.

In typical boy-like manner he hurriedly told the happenings of the day and about his teacher Miss Lydia Cunningham. Then, the same expression as the boy had seen once before that day came over Laurie Coles face, slight astonishment and reminiscence, wonderment. But this wasn't noticed for very long as Leslie saw that the snow was just right for his sled, and out of the house he went, faster than it took a snow-drop to melt on a chimney.



n reading Thackeray

PROBABLY many times, while reading, you have discovered some type or style of writing which has particularly appealed to you. At those times perhaps you have made mental note of the author and then have tried to read more of his work. "Discovering" Thackeray might well be called an adventure in living. There is a certain "something" which exudes from every page of his books. Perhaps you would call that "something" charm, but it is not an ordinary, mediocre charm. It is of a quality so outstanding that it has served to make Mr. Thackeray one of the best-loved authors of all time. The natural humor, the subtle satire, and the profound understanding of life and people

which have made his work so famous are, in the opinion of a great many readers, unexcelled by any other author.

"Vanity Fair" is probably Thackeray's best known novel. This magnificent book creates a character, who, to this day, is known the world over as the exemplification of the type of woman who is grasping, and ruthlessly practical. The woman was called Rebecca Sharp, and the story of her rise from social obscurity to world position, through her cunning and vicious ways, has been the inspiration of countless authors to write about similar females. However, there can be none to compare with the red-haired and fascinating "Becky".

Mr. Thackeray delights in creating vividly contrasting characters, and in playing their dispositions against each other. He contrasts his Becky with angelic Amelia Sedley, who more than once feels the sting of Rebecca Sharp's venom of hatred and jealousy.

A book can usually be judged by its ability to make its reader either laugh, cry, or stop to think. While reading *Vanity Fair* you will find yourself doing all three in turn. Perhaps you will surprise yourself by suddenly realizing that you are chuckling out loud, or weeping sorrowfully, and many times you may find yourself pondering deeply over the ironies of life which Thackeray portrays so vividly.

There is a certain intimacy between author and reader in his books, created in the parenthetical notations and little asides which he inserts throughout his abundant pages. I use the word "abundant" because it best expresses the feeling obtained from such writing. Those pages abound in wisdom, humor, pathos, and discernment.

Often times, while reading, we find ourselves "unable to put down" our book, because it is so completely absorbing. This is not the case with Thackeray, however, for, although his stories are absorbing, Thackeray presents so much material for serious thinking, that you can read for a time, and then stop for a day or two, returning to your book with a fuller sense of appreciation for what you are reading.

In my English class, a few weeks ago, we were given the book, "The History of Henry Esmond." Here again is the incomparable style of Thack-

eray. I have found that "Henry Esmond" is by no means inferior to *Vanity Fair*, and I believe I would find it difficult to decide which of the two I enjoyed more. Our English class spent a few periods' time in discussing this book, and it was interesting to listen to the different ideas formed from reading it. The very fact that there was stimulating discussion about the book proves the ability of its author. When a whole class can actually enjoy a book that it has been compulsory for them to read, there is an indication that there must be something rather "special" about it.

In the course of his writing, Thackeray very often hits upon some topic or phase of human nature in which he is particularly interested. Then he deviates from his general pattern and writes a complete miniature essay on the subject. He is also fond of one particular little trick in writing. That is to insist that he "will not burden the reader with these details because it is not necessary to know that . . .", and here he proceeds to elaborate upon those very points. Through the course of reading one of his books, the reader begins to chuckle over this habit and to recognize it immediately, just as we enjoy the quaint habits of friends, and chuckle over them.

In one of his books Mr. Thackeray wrote, "The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly kind companion." I believe Thackeray must have found his world the latter, because he would have to have been close to people to gain such a complete knowledge of their natures as he illustrates in his writing.



WE ALL at one time have possessed the desire to go on the stage. Do you remember the time you saw Katherine Cornell in *Antigoni*, or Maurice Evans in *Hamlet*? Remember how you held a family conference and astounded poor Mom and Dad, and amused big sister, telling them of your latest am-

bition? You walked around on air, for days quoting Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Longfellow. Yes, it was thrilling thinking about years to come, until you began to realize you didn't know the first thing about acting. Family conference again . . . Dramatic school . . . much too expensive . . .

Then Mom's idea about a dramatic course in school. Down to the grade advisor you marched, telling him about your new career. He arranged for you to have Dramatics and you climbed the first stepping stone on the road to the theatre. It was hard saying ca(a)n't instead of can't, and fine instead of foine, but as the term progressed so did you, and you became aware of your improvement. By now you're so intent about going on the stage you've failed to examine the hardships to come. Life on the stage is not all flowers and opening nights. That's the romantic part of it. Little do you know of the unromantic phase of theater life. For instance, have you ever heard of Equity? This is a union of actors which you must join once you are employed in a professional production. Approximately 8,400 actors and actresses are looking for employment in New York. Of these, one-half that number are members of Equity. You must first make an application for Junior Membership. You would then be considered for induction. The entrance fee is \$50 and \$18 annually

after that. You become a Senior Member automatically after you've worked in the theater for two years.

As for salary, I'm afraid most of us have the idea the wabes are high. If you are a Junior Member the minimum you can make is \$25 a week, and Seniors \$40 a week. Most of us fall in the \$25 category. A star may make from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a week including a percentage of weekly gross. But remember we are not yet stars.

By now you've gotten a small idea that acting is not all glory. Try and remember this: Don't confuse the urge with talent. You may burn with ardor to act, but perhaps you just haven't got the right amount of "it". If you "have" talent, nine times out of ten it will be recognized after you've served a proper period of apprenticeship. Very few good actors go unrecognized forever. If by now you're still intent upon going on the stage, I wish you all the luck in the world and hope your name lights up the great White Way.



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Good Luck to you in
the far future.
Jerry Hannon

Good Luck &
May you never see the
inside of another school
Billy Grant

Best of Luck
always
Lewis Kaplan

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To a swell pal,
An English
Johnny

To a swell fellow
Lots of Luck in what
you do.
Pauline H.

Jan 24/47
To a swell
guy
same fellow

To the Senator of
the History class
May all the Best
be yours
Maurice Gilbert

Best of Luck
Beck A.

Good Luck
Bob V.P.

Lots of Luck
to one of the boys
Frank A. Pizzo

Stanley

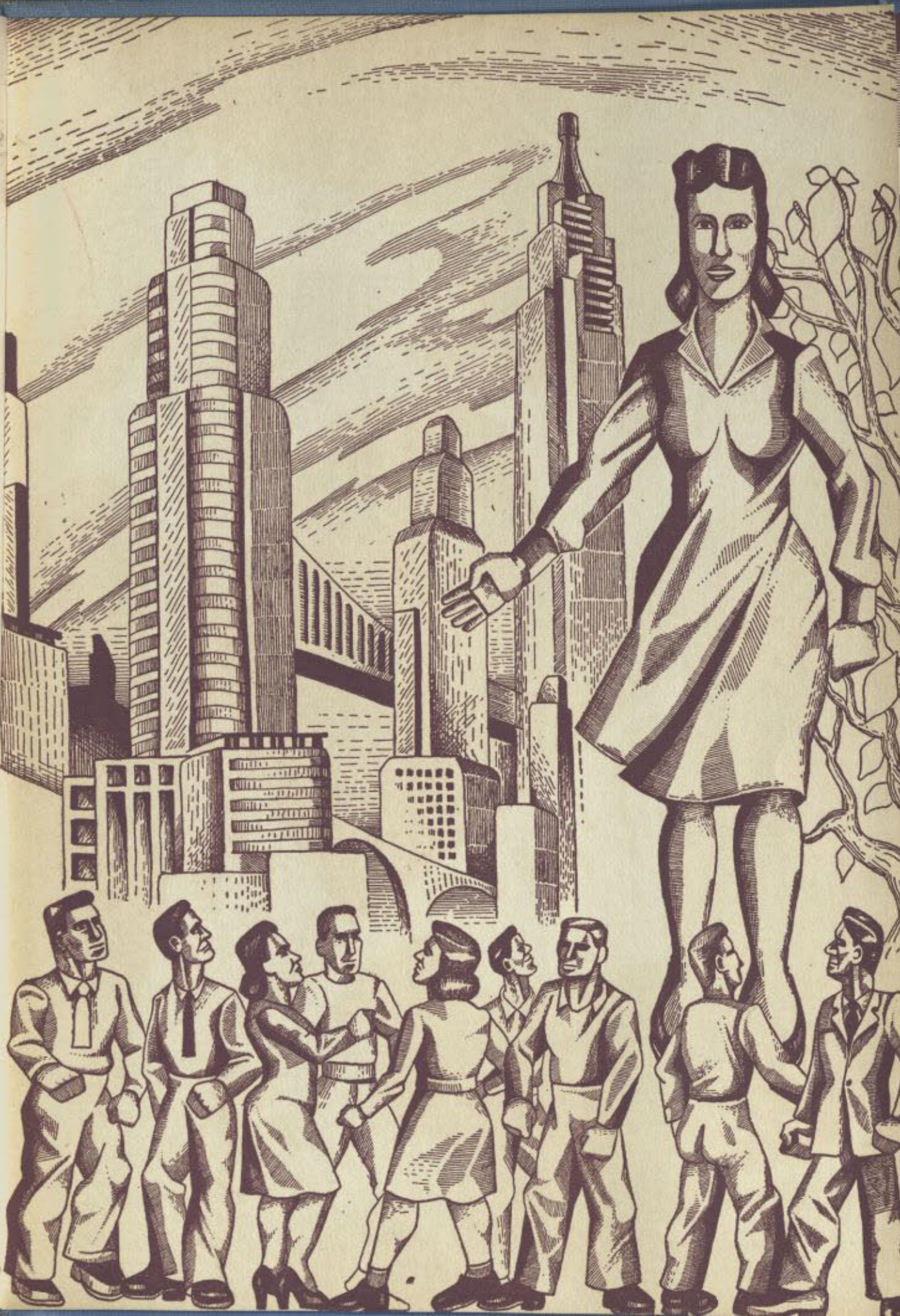
If a woman looks old, she's young,
If a woman looks young, she's old:
If she looks back,

Follow her!

John Sharkey

Don't look
any more
like a
man
Best of Luck, always
Marathy Shitz

Good Luck in your
future career.
Don. Wagner



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Dr. McInnis, mother of
the late Dr. McInnis, was
appointed to the position of
Dean of the College of
Education, University of
Illinois, in 1937. She was
also a member of the
National Association of
College Women.

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